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Vol. CCVI, No. 2693
SEPTEMBER 22, 1951

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Volume CCVI No. 2693 The SPHERE, London, September 22, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN VIRGINIA—SIR DENYS LOWSON SPEAKING FROM THE STEPS OF THE COURT-HOUSE OF 1770 DURING HIS VISIT TO WILLIAMSBURG, THE OLD COLONIAL CAPITAL OF VIRGINIA, ON THE LAST STAGES OF HIS WORLD TOUR: Just behind the Lord Mayor stands the City Sword-bearer who drove with Sir Denys and Lady Lowson in a procession through Williamsburg. In his speech the Lord Mayor made an earnest plea for Anglo-American co-operation.

Williamsburg, the old colonial capital of Virginia from 1698 to 1779, a city which has been subjected to a unique piece of restoration, 77 of its colonial buildings having been restored and 189 reconstructed from their foundations in eighteenth-century style, was the scene last week of a memorable visit from the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London on the concluding stages of their world tour. At the start of his visit the Lord Mayor stood on the steps of the Court House of 1770 and recalled historic links of the City of London with the old dominion of Virginia. He referred to that memorable day when a previous Lord Mayor, the great John Wilkes, stood before King George III to present the solemn remonstrance of the city livery against the vain and presumptuous policy of attempting to coerce the American people. "On that day London earned the right, which to-day I claim," said Sir Denys, "to salute your nation." Other highlights of the visit to Williamsburg were the luncheon attended by the Mayors of cities which had been the capitals of the original American colonies, and the presentation to Williamsburg by the Lord Mayor of a resolution adopted by the Corporation of the City of London expressing the hope that his visit would strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two cities. After leaving Williamsburg the Lord Mayor and Lady Lowson journeyed on to Richmond, where they were greeted by the Governor of Virginia, and on the same day they were the guests of honour at a British Embassy dinner in Washington.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

San Francisco.—It seems to be clear that the swift results obtained at San Francisco were a triumph for Mr. Acheson and gained him a remarkable come-back in popularity and reputation as a statesman. The surprise at Mr. Gromyko's failure to put up a filibuster or to rally the faithful seems to have alarmed rather than delighted the Americans. So signal was the triumph for the fifty nations of goodwill, so easy the victory, that heads in the States are being shaken. Perhaps Gromyko's words that the treaty was an incitement to world war mean that Russia has abandoned conference and contact with the West for ever, and must get her way in her own time henceforth by force of arms. Let us hope that this easy victory on paper has a happier explanation, that the Russians miscalculated the determination of many small and wavering nations to get something done along the road to resettlement, a determination to sign on the dotted line, even while they disagreed in detail with clauses in the treaty, rather than to go empty away and record one more total failure at an international table. Certainly less fear of Russia was shown by many smaller nations than at any time since the end of the war, and this may well be hailed as a signal proof that the efforts of the West to re-arm against aggression have already produced satisfactory results. They have put a little freedom back on the map of the world. In the wilderness I shared the surprise of all Americans on the spot. I doubted whether all the publicity efforts poured out on recording the San Francisco Conference would not prove good money thrown after bad. On the contrary, the very world-wide publicity given to this brief encounter, this Red Culloden, proved to be the stimulus to courage which the smaller nations needed. America, the West and Mr. Acheson all increased in stature, and Russia and Mr. Gromyko have suffered at least a severe diplomatic or paper set-back.

A Great American.—The name of General Marshall will surely find its place in the roll of great Americans and great citizens of the world. His "Plan" is history and it wrote a new chapter in history. Like Roosevelt, he gave all he had to give in the cause for which America exists—freedom. He was old and ill when he took over the Secretaryship of Defence, and had longed for some time to retire into private life, but he accepted the President's call and has supported him loyally in all that concerned the economic and military building-up of America and all the nations fighting for freedom. He was a pioneer administrator in both fields, a statesman of vision extending far beyond frontiers. The results of his economic plans for Europe were seen and appreciated in their tremendous scope before he concerned himself chiefly with military rehabilitation. Not less swift and vast were his results in the military field, as the latest monetary appropriation for the armed services proves. And his work and policy are to continue in hands trained by him. General Marshall is a man whom England and Western Europe should enshrine among their greatest national worthies.

Another Tremendous Event.—Last week America had one eye on California and one on New York. Events of vital importance were staged at both venues. The Press and radio and T.V. had no other subjects of even secondary interest. Every American squinted, and excitement was kept up to fever-heat long after the issues were decided. Both were concerned with fighting, one with, and one without, gloves. Both ended in triumph for the U.S.A. The heroes were Acheson and "Sugar" Ray Robinson, who both staged notable comebacks. I should make a poor American. I could never whip up their enthusiasm, or, rather, be whipped up, as they are, by their networks of news service. I confess that I heard and read of the former fight between Ray and Turpin without knowing that both contestants were coloured gentlemen. And when I read that thousands of Americans awaited the issue of their second encounter as a matter which would settle the question of British decadence and American physical supremacy, I found the affair beyond me. But this I know and acknowledge. Those United States have us beaten to glory in the art of bringing fools into a circle (as our Mr. Shakespeare said), and I hand it to them. Perhaps I ought to hand Mr. Shakespeare to them also. Anyway, "Sugar" Ray beat Turpin and I shall not examine too closely into the printed reports to ascertain whether the verdict drove a wedge between those English-speaking nations whose brotherhood matters so much for Western civilisation. And now for a new sensation. Next, please.

TWO GREAT PARLIAMENTARIANS MEET—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, AND M. EDOUARD HERRIOT, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AND MAYOR OF LYONS, SEEN TOGETHER IN PARIS LAST WEEK: Mr. Churchill, on his way back from his holiday visit to Venice, was the guest of Sir Oliver Harvey, the British Ambassador, during his stay in the French capital. When Mr. Churchill visited the National Assembly, he was received by M. Herriot and, after being conducted round the chamber and the lobbies, a reception was held in his honour. Mr. Churchill had hoped to attend a debate, but, by the time he arrived, the session, which had only lasted half-an-hour, was over. At an Embassy luncheon Mr. Churchill met General of the Army Eisenhower, Supreme Commander in Europe, and at a dinner he met M. Pleven, the French Premier, and M. Bidault, the Defence Minister. Mr. Churchill's first act on returning to England was to meet members of his "shadow Cabinet" to discuss the election possibilities.

Black Isle Beauty.—For several weeks the waters of the Moray Firth will be made interesting by warships of all kinds from the great concentration of the Fleet at Invergordon gathered together for large-scale manœuvres. My last view of the Firth before I turned south was from Rosemarkie, on the Black Isle, under ideal Riviera conditions. The sea was a deep Mediterranean blue, the Black Isle was golden with standing wheat and barley and stooks of oats and crowned with caps of purple heather, a lovely sight. Indeed, the Black Isle, both in June and in September, can show all the glory and colour and warmth of the Italian lakes and the Riviera, and now that it is once more linked to the mainland at Inverness by the newly-restored ferry, it is likely to become a Mecca of the ever-increasing tourist traffic to the Highlands. For the ferry cuts off quite 40 miles for tourists from Nairn or the east who, when the ferry was obsolete, were compelled to drive round by Muir of Ord and return on the further shore. I said good-bye to the Black Isle this year with a feeling that those who pass their lives upon it are among the most lucky in these islands. But I dare say I should revise my opinion if I lived there in February and March.

Good-bye to the Highlands.—To the Black Isle and to the Highlands I have once more said my good-byes. I left them in kindly mood, a real relenting of the winds and rains, a come back of the sun promising a good harvest. There is no warmth so beneficent as the September sunshine in the Highlands; nor, I think, does humanity anywhere reveal a kindlier nature, a more co-operative and helpful sympathy among all classes. It is always so in the mountains and the lonely places of the earth. Humanity is co-operative where (and perhaps when) co-operation is necessary, if life is to be endured. In crowds and in suburbs human nature thinks it can afford to be selfish. But if you come to grief in a lonely place, always a friend-in-need springs up out of the heather or among the rocks and spends ungrudging hours in dragging you to safety and putting you on your road again. And that is why my heart grows heavier when I slide down the southern slopes of the Grampians and leave the rarified air of the Highlands for the heavier, acrid breath of cities and of crowds. For the more neighbours we have, the more we hate them and live for ourselves.

The Roads of Britain.—In the last few weeks I have travelled many hundred miles over the roads of Britain in a not very new car of very small horse-power. My experiences almost entitle me to write a survey of our roads and a brochure on British reliability in car design and manufacture. Clearly, our roads are not so bad, our tyres and engines not so inferior, or we should not have covered 2,000 miles from Cornwall to Inverness and back to Sussex at 38 miles to a gallon and 33 m.p.h. average (allowing for meals) without one single check for a fault or a puncture. But when it comes to allotting the palms for stretches of road surface and lay-out, the area round London comes very low in the list of prize-winners. Poor old London! Her inner and outer arteries no doubt take the heaviest weights, and perhaps there is never time enough to repair the damage done. Certainly, whatever time be chosen is a time very inconvenient to the users. I little thought to spend twenty minutes driving from Stanhope Gate into the Park and out again round Hyde Park Corner before I found myself at last in the comparative peace of Lowndes Square. But so it proved, and so it went on, as I bumped my way with constant diversions to the foot of Putney Hill. I had not met so many bumps and diversions since I negotiated a sheep-track 600 miles to the north on a drive to the butts. And now for the palms. I allot the first prize to the road through the Dukeries to Nottingham. It is sheer joy to get off A.1 south of Doncaster and glide over that superb track, with its broad grass verges and its ducal entrance gates, along which British transport troubles one no more, and the pathetic little efforts of A.1 to show what it can do in double-tracking fool one no longer. And the roads are good, too, most of the way south from Nottingham, via Melton and Hitchin, until one meets A.1 again at sad and shabby Hatfield. A palm must be reserved for the Western road-builders. Their difficulties are peculiar, their ups and downs so frequent and twisted and short, but when and where they can, they know how to build roads that are safe and quick and pleasant to drive over.

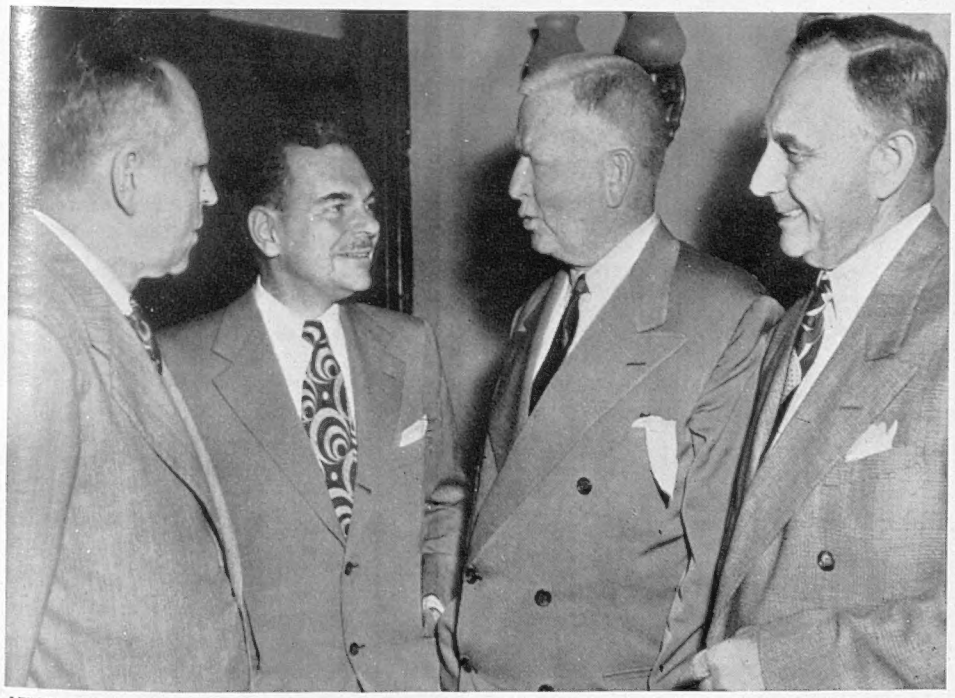
Back to Brass-tacks.—And now, here I am, back to brass-tacks, with a woolly brain and a desk piled with unopened correspondence. What has the great and nasty world been up to while I have been surveying our road system? I wonder in particular if those two Persian gentlemen who wrote to me in Scotland to tell me that Moussadek was a Solon, a saint and a seer and a saviour, still hold to their alliterations. Hope is dead and Mr. Attlee has begun to turn the screw. But, of course, not in the way of reprisal. Do not mention the word *retaliation*. It is not in the Socialist dictionary. It just happens that, having lost a valuable asset in Persian oil, we can no longer afford to supply Persia with dollars, or with certain scarce goods which we could do with ourselves or sell in a more profitable market. These measures are deeply regretted. We hate to disappoint our Persian friends. It is just a matter of L. s. d. We have suffered some losses over an oil investment and must draw in our goodwill horns. And we shan't know for some time whether our Persian friends will be *pinched* by our reluctant but inevitable economising in goodwill.

THE OLD STAGER

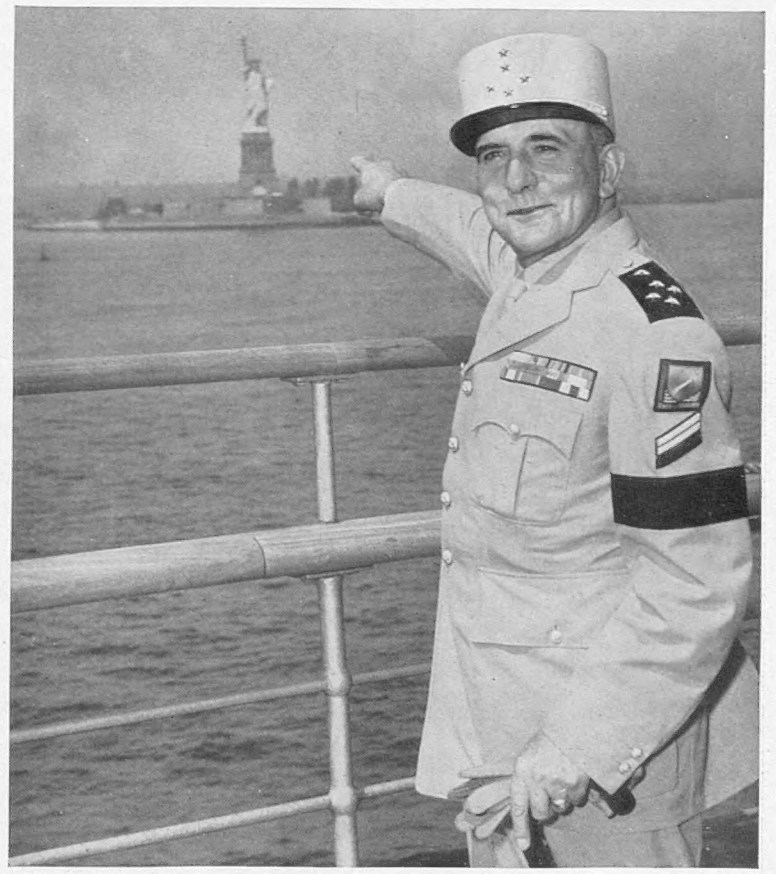
CONGRATULATIONS ON A JOB WELL DONE: President Truman seated in his office at the White House with General George C. Marshall (centre), whose resignation he had just accepted from the post of Secretary of Defence, and Mr. Robert A. Lovett (right), General Marshall's former deputy, who now steps up into his place. General Marshall has completed very nearly fifty years of public service, and he now retires for urgent personal reasons, although making it plain that he would always be at the President's call for temporary duty if his services should be needed. General Marshall was born at Unionstown, Pennsylvania, on December 31, 1880, and he entered the Army in 1902 after graduating in 1901 from the Virginia Military Institute. He was a captain when the United States entered the First World War in 1917, but it was not until 1936 that he became a Brigadier-General. In April 1939, President Roosevelt appointed Marshall Chief of Staff of the United States Army—a post he held until 1945. Marshall attracted world attention by his speech at Harvard in 1947, in which he outlined what came to be known as the Marshall Plan for extending U.S. economic and financial assistance to the war-stricken countries. Mr. Lovett, General Marshall's successor, has worked with the General for many years, both in the State Department and at the Pentagon.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN BIDS FAREWELL TO GENERAL MARSHALL

AND OTHER NEWS FROM THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SCENE



AFTER HIS WORLD TOUR, GOVERNOR THOMAS DEWEY, LEADER OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES, RETURNS TO THE POLITICAL BATTLE: Mr. Dewey, sporting the brightest of neckties, conferring in Washington with Senator Irving Ives (left), Republican from New York State, Senator James H. Duff, Republican, Pennsylvania, and Senator Frank Carlson, Republican, Kansas. The Senators afterwards declared that they and Dewey were in complete accord on plans for drafting General Dwight Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander in Europe, as Presidential nominee of the Republican Party for the 1952 elections. Mr. Dewey's chief problem, it would seem, is to prevent his rival, Senator Taft, from gaining to his side too many pledged delegates before General Eisenhower makes his intentions known publicly. In the event of Eisenhower being elected President, it is probable that Mr. Dewey would become Secretary of State.



GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, FRENCH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN INDO-CHINA, POINTS TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AS HE ARRIVES IN NEW YORK ABOARD THE FRENCH LINER "ILE DE FRANCE": The General has gone to America to interpret the events of the Indo-Chinese war to the American people. In an interview after his arrival he declared: "France is not fighting in Indo-China with any idea of profit. The war is costing France some billion dollars a year. We are there because we have promised to protect the Associated States (Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam). We are also there because it is a war against Red colonialism. A great many Americans do not know the truth about our position in Indo-China. I shall bring them undeniable proof that the war in Indo-China is the same as the war in Korea."

THE RUNAWAY ST. LEGER VICTORY

Piping in the Rain at the Argyllshire Gathering; "The Sphere" Golf Challenge Cup

TALMA II IS FIRST AND THE REST NOWHERE—ONE OF THE MOST SURPRISING ST. LEGERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT RACE: The Australian jockey, Johnstone, who has won so many classic successes on the English turf, winning the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster last Saturday by ten lengths from Fraise du Bois II and Medway. The horse, belonging to M. Boussac and trained in France by Semblat, took command on the turn into the straight, and thereafter set up such a gallop that none of the other horses in the race got near enough to challenge. This was M. Boussac's second St. Leger in two years, as he won the race last year with Scratch II. The two horses are bred on very similar lines. In order to find a St. Leger victory won by so great a margin, it is necessary to look back through the records to the days of Stockwell 109 years ago. Tudor Minstrel's victory in the 2000 Guineas in 1947 was by a margin of eight lengths, and Manna won the Derby in 1925 by a similar distance. There have been no other classic victories scored on the English turf in the present century by as great a margin as ten lengths.

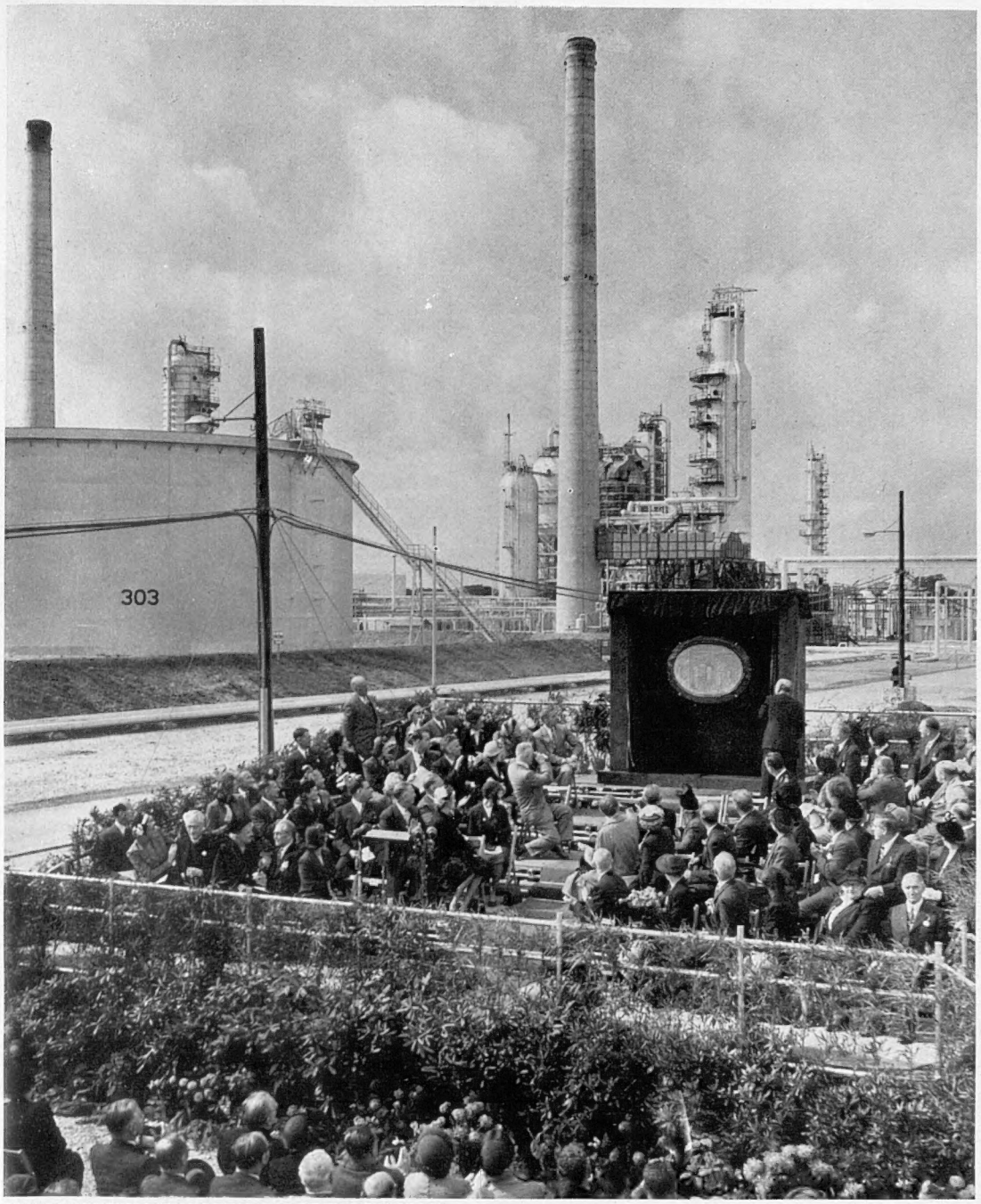
PRESENTING "THE SPHERE" GOLF CHALLENGE CUP FOR 1951: Mr. E. T. M. Smalley (right) receiving the trophy from Mr. W. C. Nisbett, managing director of Illustrated Newspapers Limited. Mr. Smalley won "The Sphere" Cup with a net score of 72. The event took place at Illustrated Newspapers' invitation golf meeting held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club last week, and was attended by many prominent people both in the publishing and business worlds. "The Sphere" Challenge Cup is competed for annually.

M. BOUSSAC LEADS IN THE WINNER OF THE 1951 ST. LEGER: The French owner with his colt Talma II after winning the last of the classic races. Talma II is by Pharis out of Thaouka, an Asterus mare. He should prove a really first-class Cup horse next year.

PIPING IN THE RAIN: The torrential rain which marred the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban did not deter this valiant piper, Thomas Pearston, of Glasgow. The rain was so heavy that as the piper beat time with his foot he sent up sprays of water, and the judges' results were washed off the board as soon as they were written up.

On right—

THE ARGONAUT TROPHY—A NEW FOOTBALL COMPETITION ORGANISED BY "THE TATLER" MAGAZINE: This beautiful silver nef, or ship, of mediæval design has been presented by *The Tatler* for competition among Cadet Colleges, Officer-producing units, University "A" teams and Army Crusaders, the officers' team revived last season. These are teams not normally able to take part in competitive football. The first knock-out contest for the trophy will be held this season. The idea was inspired by the success of Pegasus in the Amateur Cup last season.



INAUGURATING EUROPE'S BIGGEST REFINERY—MR. ATTLEE UNVEILING A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE WHEN DECLARING OPEN THE GREAT ESSO PLANT AT FAWLEY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON, WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT AT A COST OF OVER £37,000,000 : In the presence of a vast audience, including most of the British and American technicians who have constructed the refinery, the Prime Minister made a general statement on Britain's oil position and delivered a firm warning to Persia, indicating that unless she came to terms on the question of Abadan, she might find her markets lost and her economy ruined. When finally completed, the Esso plant at Fawley will produce some 6,000,000 tons of petroleum products a year, including a daily output of 1,000,000 gallons of high-quality motor spirit. No E.C.A. dollars are involved in the financing of Fawley, and it will prove a mighty dollar-saver.

INDIA CONGRESS PARTY IN EMERGENCY SESSION—MR. NEHRU, THE INDIAN PREMIER, ADDRESSING HIS COLLEAGUES AFTER ASSUMING THE PRESIDENCY OF THE PARTY WITHIN WHICH THERE HAS BEEN A BIG BATTLE FOR POWER IN RECENT DAYS : Seated beneath the portrait of Gandhi hanging in the background is Mr. Tandon (bareheaded, wearing glasses), who has just retired from the Presidency of Congress. Mr. Nehru, his successor, has now asked Mr. Tandon to return to the Executive of the Congress Party, and by this act of statesmanship has done much to heal the breach. By accepting a post on the reconstituted committee, Mr. Tandon has been hailed as a "selfless patriot." Notable omissions of old committee-men include the Central Home Minister, Mr. Rajagopalachari, who has expressed a wish to retire from active politics and is likely to leave the Government in a few weeks, and the Central Labour Minister, Mr. Jagjivan Ram, whose place in the working committee is filled by another scheduled caste representative, Mr. Pillay. India's first free elections take place soon.

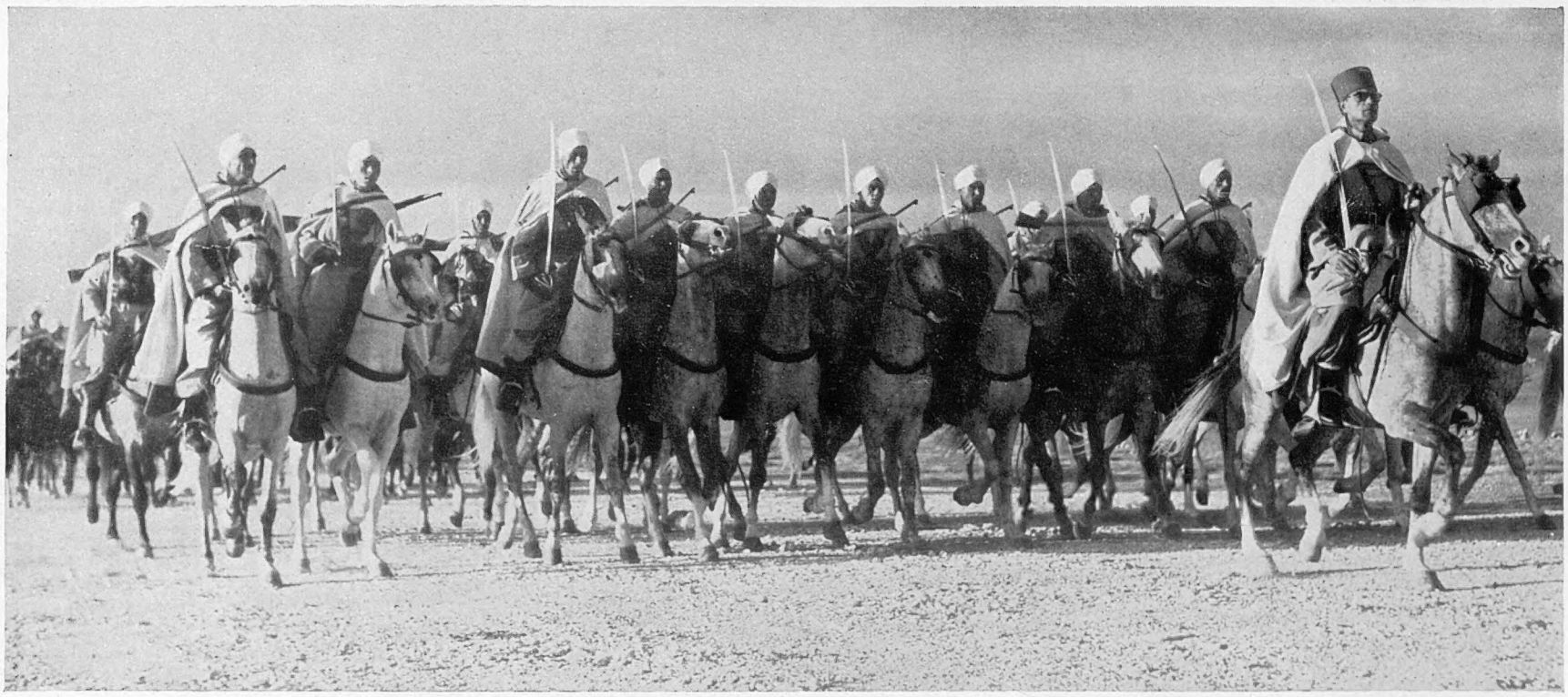
The FREEDOM EXPRESS

Across the Czech Frontier by Train ; Yugoslav Ballet Dancers for Canada

AT JOURNEY'S END : Western Zone guards watch over the Czechoslovakian train which was driven across the border at over 60 m.p.h. One of the most dramatic escapes from behind the Iron Curtain was effected when Francek Yarda drove his train with over 100 passengers across the border near Asch and into the first German station at Selb. On approaching the frontier, the driver leaped out and pulled a switch, diverting his train on to a disused goods line. He then disconnected the emergency braking system and drove on at full throttle, smashing through a wooden barrier on the line. The American authorities acted very promptly in returning the seventy-seven passengers who were unwillingly carried to Germany. They were handed over to Czech officials at the border. The remainder have asked for asylum. The passengers in the plot received only a half-hour's notice to pack belongings and board the train. Several children were among the families who fled.

DRIVER AND GUARD : Francek Yarda, who drove his train consisting of a luggage van and three passenger coaches across the frontier near Asch, caused a problem for his guard (*right*), who became an unwilling passenger.

YUGOSLAV DANCERS PREFER THE WEST : Five members of the Yugoslav National Ballet, who were returning from their engagement at the Edinburgh Festival, stayed in Salzburg when the remainder of the company of forty went on. Although emphatically denying that there were political reasons for their decision, one of them stated that "Tito's Communists have chained art. We want to follow our art in freedom." The five want to join the newly-formed national ballet in Canada. Seven members of the Yugoslav water-polo team, which was visiting Austria, recently decided to go to Canada, and two more are bound for America.



THE TUNISIAN SPAHIS ON THEIR ARAB PONIES PROVIDE A DRAMATIC FINALE TO THE FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES IN NORTH AFRICA : A detachment parading in the desert at the review held to mark the end of the recent exercises in which 40,000 troops re-enacted Rommel's historic surge through the Kasserine Pass and his subsequent repulse. The manœuvres were carried out on a most elaborate scale, and bore testimony to the growing efficiency of the French forces in North Africa.

A FRENCH ARMY IN AFRICA RE-ENACTS ROMMEL'S KASSERINE BATTLE

During the Recent Manœuvres in Tunisia and Algeria

A STAFF-SERGEANT OF GOUMIERS AT WORK ON A TRANSMITTER TRUCK : A bearded veteran of the French North African forces seen during the recent manœuvres.

SWEEPING ACROSS THE SANDS OF ALGERIA : Tanks and armoured vehicles taking part in a "break-through" on manœuvres near Tebessa. It was towards Tebessa in 1943 that Axis forces thrust out in strength, and were then forced by the weight of Allied counter-attacks to retreat through the Kasserine Pass.

ON THE PATH OF THE DESERT FOX : *Left*—Colonel Agostini, General Cailles, who was in charge of the manœuvres, General Richards, of S.H.A.P.E., and Colonel Quenard seen with other staff officers as they studied a map showing the country round Tebessa and Thala, the scene of one of Rommel's exploits and of the recent North African manœuvres of the French Army. *Right*—A detachment of Goumiers about to fire a mortar in the neighbourhood of the Kasserine Pass.

AN OLD MARKET ON A NEW SITE

Chrisp Street Market Moves to its New Site in the Lansbury Neighbourhood Unit

THE NEW OPEN-AIR MARKET IN THE EAST END OF LONDON—CHRISP STREET MARKET MOVES TO ITS NEW SITE IN THE LANSBURY NEIGHBOURHOOD UNIT AT POPLAR: This is the new site for the Chrisp Street Market which has been flourishing in Poplar for the last seventy or eighty years. It is situated in the new residential unit known as Lansbury, the first large-scale section of the wartime County of London plan to be translated into bricks and mortar by the London County Council. The new site has been planned to accommodate 180 stallholders and shopkeepers.

STALLHOLDERS MOVE INTO THE NEW LANSBURY MARKET PLACE: After a disagreement with the L.C.C., the stallholders were allowed an extra 9 ft. on each of the 54-ft.-long strips. Each stall has electricity.

The residential neighbourhood of Lansbury, one of the three neighbourhood units making up the Poplar community, is a triangular-shaped area of 124 acres between the East India Dock Road on the south, a canal on the north and a railway on the east. It forms part of the London County Council's plan for redevelopment and is designed to house some 9,500 people. In 1948 it was decided that Lansbury should be chosen as the ideal site for the Festival of Britain Exhibition of Live Architecture. The development of a 30-acre site was accelerated and subsequently opened in time for the Festival. The buildings of the new Lansbury are sited round closes and open spaces and the children's playgrounds are protected from traffic. The market area is located at the east end of the estate. It will serve not only the whole of Lansbury, but adjoining neighbourhoods as well, and will ultimately be extended to include a cinema and shops flanking a wide footway leading to the East India Dock Road. The south side of the Market Place has been devoted to stallholders and just recently the first occupiers moved in from their old site in nearby Chrisp Street. The lock-up shops have been apportioned to traders according to the needs of the neighbourhood and they have been offered, in the first place, to traders displaced from the old market site.

LONDON'S EAST END SHOPPERS ADAPT THEMSELVES TO THE NEW MARKET WITH THE OLD NAME: A customer pays a visit to one of the lock-up shops at the market. *On right*—A display of household utensils out in the market square.

ITALY LOSES A WAR IN A WINNING WAY

How She has Taken the Road Back from Defeat

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BY the time this is read the Washington discussions should have consecrated Italy's "moral rehabilitation" by sanctioning that country's presence as a full partner in Euro-Atlantic affairs and the building of what armed forces she chooses. That will leave the Italians still chafing at two major hurts administered in the (by Japanese comparisons) hard treaty of 1946: loss of a colonial empire and inability to re-acquire Trieste.

Signor De Gasperi warns of "dire perils" threatening Italy. He means internal political ones from Communism (about holding its own) and neo-Fascism (on the up-grade).

Your average Italian will wax vocal about unemployment, bars to emigration, the rising cost of living and taxation. You have to prod him, however, to get him on to the abiding and fundamental ill in Italian life: over-fertility. While 100,000 are leaving the homeland each year, an additional 400,000 are being born into it, and something akin has been going on ever since the United States clamped down on Italian immigration in the early '20's.

No hard treaty has had much—much—to do with Italy's unhealthily packed condition.

The average foreign visitor to Italy might agree that the Italians can congratulate themselves on a job well done, while sparing the time to say "thank you" to one or two of their allies. The compliment doesn't come easily; one night I exercised my limping Italian at that Cannes-ish Blackpool, Viareggio, trying to extract it; but I fear those colonies were a non-negotiable hurdle.

To paraphrase De Gaulle: "Italy lost a war but not the peace." She has made the most remarkable recovery, re-equipping herself the fastest, reintroducing a greater hum of life and activity than were present even under the Fascist regime, and doing it in as sunny and winning a way as is to be found on the Continent to-day.

If Britons have been flocking to Italy—and this is the best time of all, "October," mid-September to mid-October—they went to the right place not only for holidays, but for taking note of the truly extraordinary resilience and confidence of which humans are capable even under shadows like the A.-bomb and the Kremlin.

Whatever is said about the Italian, he seems to be actually fond of work and proud as a peacock of his craftsmanship.

Wandering in places like Florence and Genoa, I would try to distinguish the main ingredients of Italian post-war success.

There was work. There was pride in good work. There was a high degree of private initiative and a polite dismissal for the State when it *over*-interfered. There was Marshall Aid; no armed forces to maintain; no reparations to pay. There was a largely co-operative climate. There was a natural sunniness of disposition. There was the philosophy of living for the present.

Italians could never succeed in anything by enfolding themselves in grey living. They take a less enthusiastic view than others about building up a beautiful future at the expense of the present. The sun, the wine, the scenery are sufficient for the day. No Priestley is needed in Italy to get the people singing.

But for strikes, periodically called in order to further Stalinist policy, and less and less palatable to Italian Communists, especially to their wives, Italy's road back from defeat and chaos would be broader still. As it is, the dimensions are there for all to see. I have never seen such building. It has always been a strong point with Italians, but this time they've outdone themselves. Take Milan. Milan was 20 per cent. destroyed. All is rebuilt, and rebuilt on new standards of size and style, with a new speed technique thrown in.

You admire the new luxury-buildings round the Scala, or go out beyond the suburbs and have a look at the village of "tukules." "Mushrooms" covering more than 50 sq. yards spring up week after week. They are imitations in cement of native huts in the Pacific. Each "tukule" has a diameter of 8 yards and is divided into a dining-room, bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, cellar, with a small kitchen garden. Price £800 furnished. The only thing is they are an eyesore on the landscape.

But the best test (I did only part of it) is to drive from Salerno right up to Milan. Hardly a sign left to show that this was the road up which the Allies blasted and battered their way. The drive is also a reminder that Italy is the most "motorised" country in Europe. Her pioneer autostrada, all back in condition, laid the foundation; an increase in vehicle output from 500,000 *p.a.* pre-war to 1,500,000 plus 600,000 scooters, has done the rest.

Italy pioneered the scooter, but I'm glad I won't be here when this over-fertile land will be scootered from the ages of five to seventy; droves and droves of scooters, like those massed cyclists at mid-day at The Hague. Meanwhile, the spread of scooters is bringing a big saving in time, which the ever-industrious Italians seem able to turn to account, over-population notwithstanding. They are great at adding to the family income by part-time jobs and the scooter may save as much—say, for a postman—as two hours a day, which are made to bring the fellow 200 more *lire* a day, or 6,000 *lire* a mouth.

Touching the question of work and population, it is time the unemployment problem in Italy was brought into proper focus. The figure of 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 has been trumpeted abroad for years. It is not true. The figure is much the same as at the height of the Fascist regime: 1,300,000. This used to be made up of 715,000 unemployed and 600,000 in the Militia, most of whom would otherwise have been unemployed.

Moreover, this figure will be diminished by about 300,000 as soon as a new census rubs off the register people who are either between seasonal jobs or once did a job and have ever after been listed as looking for another—although such ones may now be looking after numerous progeny. Considering the population has increased by 4,000,000 since 1938, that 150,000 more have come back to the homeland as "refugees," and that women never used to register at exchanges as they do to-day, the resultant figure of a round million really unemployed persons is a heartening one, and soon it will be further lowered by the greater intake into the armed forces.

That it is so low is traceable to the constant launching of new enterprises such as land reclamation and settlement, new roads and power-stations and restoring battered harbours and putting the big ships back in them. Which reminds that the Italians have pioneered ten-day tours by "cruising trains" to other countries, while one can go all over Italy as many times as one likes, in the same period, for £6.

But the majority of Italians ranging their own country for the first time prefer to go by motor-coach, fitted with snack bar and towing a big luggage trailer. Cheaper and gayer, but stuffier and apt to produce a, to me, incomprehensible mal-de-coach, particularly among women passengers. In the end I made for seats beside males.

On learning that the national income had increased by 20 per cent. I bethought myself of those Italian millionaires who, almost alone among Europeans, apparently, can stand up—or, rather, sit down—to King Farouk at the baccara table. How far down did the prosperity penetrate? Well, there is no use in denying that you still see too many signs of under-remuneration in Italy, but starvation and rickets are as good as no more and begging is on the way out. Those who recollect the Rialto of yore will best appreciate this last.

When having to make a standard-of-living judgment I head for the big market and tread slowly round, taking in the food-scape and listening to the prices, the haggling and the banter. The general market in the shadow of the cathedral at Florence is a firm first favourite, and I am prepared to contend with any school of economics man that the working-class has a jolly good break there.

I'm not going into food (English people will soon be doing only the Grand Food Tour) beyond mentioning that meat is dear and poor, and so is fish, but that sausages, ham, *pasta*, fruit, vegetables, wine, olives, cheese, to say nothing of *zuppa* (often a meal in itself) and ice-cream (Italy long in the lead), are within the purses of very nearly all.

It could well be that such as can't afford them are led by the unlucky ones of the 500,000 who have trekked from the south to the north in search of work and a new life. This movement alone, which goes on apace and is a substitute for emigration and Sardinia—mainlanders won't go there—gives something of the vibrant tone of Republican Italy aged six. Italians may turn their sharp wit inwards, on themselves, yet facts like the South-North Trek speak louder.

Most of the trekkers hope to get employment in the booming textiles and heavy industries, whose capital is Milan, where some wages can rise as high as any corresponding ones in Europe.

Foreign residents who know Italy well tell you that the Italians are spending most of that 20 per cent. additional national income on amusement (freely in cinemas), in smokes, cafés and betting. And I should say, also, in keeping neat and clean; these Italians could teach a thing or two in this respect to certain foreigners who long were known par excellence for both.

Most young Italians of both sexes are much better turned-out than their parents used to be. They also look healthier, so they must be able to afford adequate food in an unrationed country where the black market is almost dead save in cigarettes; *and* have something over for distraction and excitement. They are sport-mad, that accounting for the betting. The rush to the movies has been engendered by the world triumph of Italian films since the war.

I'm not so sure that this Italianate film imprint on both hemispheres isn't responsible for some of the confidence one finds in this Italy.

Well, now it's going to cost more—and by "it" I mean being Italy. Just when the worst slums are crying out to be cleared, and this despite their squalor-loving dwellers' laments, the call has come to pay for real armed forces and for being full-time Europeans

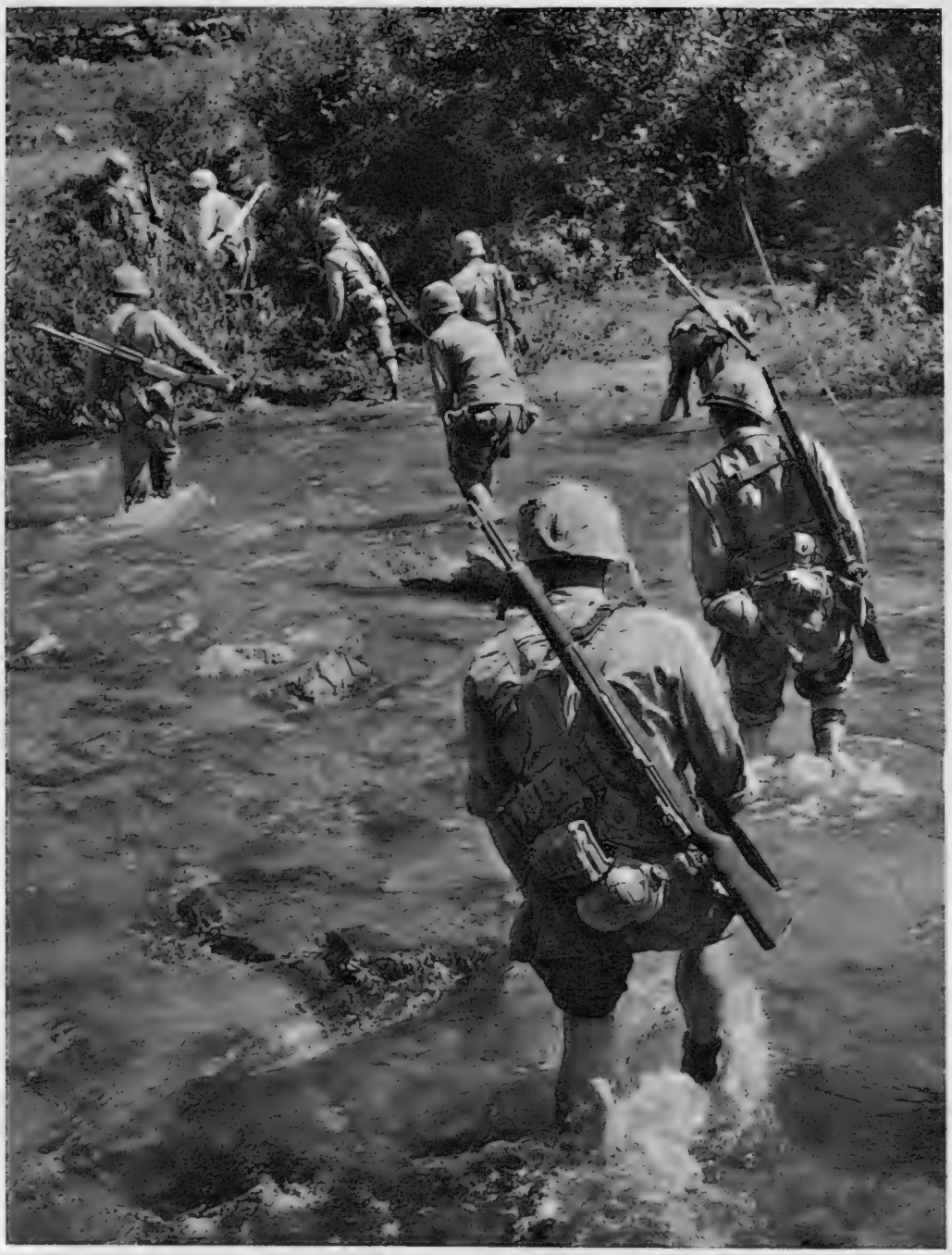
Welcome, therefore, to the Italians who have known how to do so well for themselves in humiliating circumstances, as humiliating indeed as any nation has suffered in modern times. The main obstacle to their doing better in the future is not political but physiological. They must reduce the birth-rate, the while others extend recognition by allowing in many more Italian immigrants.

A MOMENTOUS MEETING IN THE IMPERIAL THRONE ROOM AT ADDIS ABABA: With a favourite dog snoozing at his feet, the Emperor Haile Selassi receives Signor Giovanni Brusaca, the Italian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Not since Mussolini's legions marched in to occupy Abyssinia in 1936 has a high representative of Italy been received by the Emperor in Addis Ababa. The meeting was reported to have been extremely cordial.

THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN PREMIERS MEET IN PARIS: M. René Pleven (right) shaking hands with Signor de Gasperi when the latter passed through Paris en route to a meeting of the Atlantic Council at Ottawa. Although Signor de Gasperi warns of dire perils threatening Italy, from Communism on the one hand and neo-Fascism on the other, he none the less leads a nation which, as Mr. Tuohy shows in his article, has staged a most remarkable recovery since the war, both economically and politically.

"BLOODY RIDGE" AND PUNCHBOWL VALLEY

Pictures of the Renewed Fighting in Korea



AMERICAN MARINES FORD A STREAM WHILE ON PATROL IN THE PUNCHBOWL VALLEY AREA OF THE EASTERN FRONT IN KOREA: The Marines encountered no resistance on this patrol and soon afterwards United Nations forces gained control of the area. But heavy fighting, as well as patrol activity and light skirmishing, is once more breaking out all over the Korean front.

IN THE PUNCHBOWL VALLEY AREA SMOKE RISES FROM A HUT WHICH RECEIVED A DIRECT HIT: The hut was struck by a phosphorus bomb thrown by patrolling American Marines, one of whom, half-hidden in the long grass, is seen standing on the left. The Punchbowl Valley, north of Inje, on the eastern front, was recently taken from the Communists by United Nations forces.

THE BATTLE OF "BLOODY RIDGE": On a battle ground in Korea secured by United Nations troops after a terrific pounding by artillery, mortar and napalm bombs, American troops take up their positions ready to renew the fighting. On this battle-scarred "Bloody Ridge" every leaf and blade of grass has been destroyed and the trees stripped of their branches.

THREE NORTH KOREANS CAPTURED DURING THE RECENT FIGHTING ENJOY AMERICAN CIGARETTES BEHIND THE LINES: They were taken during the terrific battle for the "Bloody Ridge."

With the armistice negotiations at Kaesong still, at the time of writing, in abeyance, heavy fighting has been renewed on Korean fronts. It is reported that Communist forces on the east central front have been using 132-mm. rockets launched from lorries. The rockets are said to be of the same type as those used by the Russians during the war. They have a range of about 10,000 yards and are launched sixteen at a time. One report said that the Communists had so far used the new weapon sparingly. The Pyongyang area being fought for is of vital strategic importance, for in Communist hands it would be of great value as a route for their expected major offensive. The valleys of this area, running down from Chorwon through Uijongbu, have for centuries been used by armies attacking in the central part of the peninsula. An indication of the intensity of recent fighting in Korea was given by General Van Fleet, who said recently that in the first week of September alone about 14,000 North Korean and Chinese soldiers were killed, wounded or captured.

COMMONWEALTH OFFICERS IN KOREA DISCUSS TACTICAL PROBLEMS: They are (left to right) Colonel E. D. Danby, Major-General A. J. H. Cassels, Commander of the first British Commonwealth Division fighting in Korea, and Colonel A. W. Yickers.

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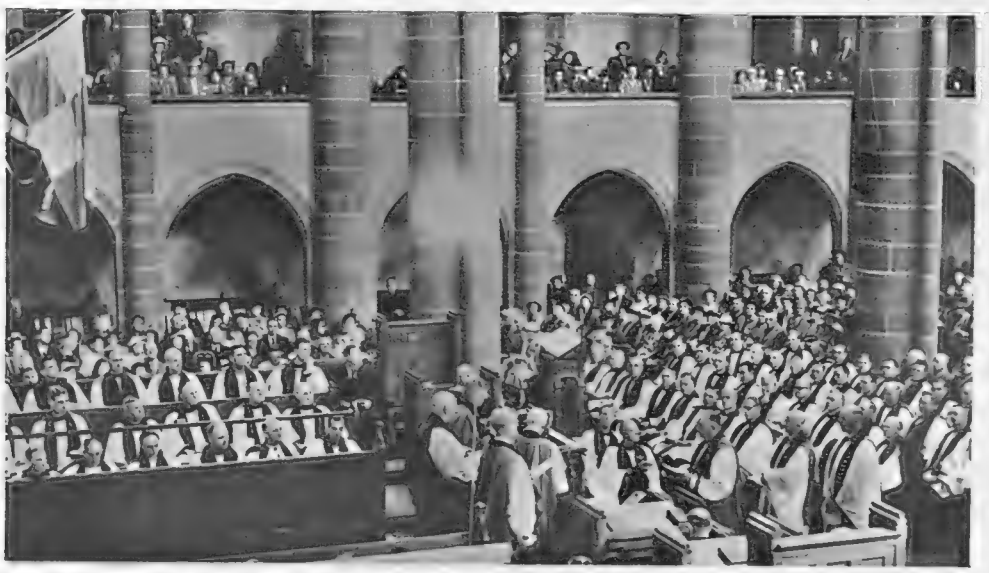
PACTS AND TREATIES DOMINATE THE FOREIGN NEWS

The Momentous Meeting at San Francisco's Presidio; U.S. Pacts with Viet Nam; and Other Events in Pictures

AFTER THE JAPANESE PEACE TREATY, A SECURITY PACT—SECRETARY OF STATE DEAN ACHESON (*Left*) AND SHIGERU YOSHIDA (*Right*), THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER, PUTTING THEIR SIGNATURES TO THE PACT UNDER WHICH JAPAN AGREES TO ALLOW U.S. FORCES TO REMAIN IN JAPAN INDEFINITELY AND TO ASSIST THE UNITED NATIONS IN ANY ACTION IT MAY TAKE IN THE FAR EAST: The pact was signed at the Presidio, San Francisco, the headquarters of the U.S. Sixth Army, five hours after the Japanese Treaty of Peace was signed at the San Francisco Opera House. The Treaty and the Pact, which were opposed violently by the Soviet Union, bring Japan directly into the Allied security system for the Pacific and provide a legal basis for United States assistance in the limited rearmament of Japan. A notable figure at the signing ceremony at the Presidio was Mr. John Foster Dulles, who is seen in the left-hand picture standing on Mr. Acheson's right hand. It was exactly a year ago that Mr. Dulles was given the task of negotiating peace and security treaties in the Pacific, and he indeed is the architect of the Japanese Treaty and the Pact. Treaties with the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand have also been signed, but the political problems which are still persisting in South-East Asia have delayed a wider settlement.



THE INSTALLATION OF THE EIGHTH PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA: The scene in Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, British Columbia, as the Right Rev. Walter Foster Barfoot, Bishop of Edmonton, and a former Canon of St. John's, Winnipeg, was installed as the new Primate of the Anglican Church in Canada. Dr. Barfoot, who was chosen by the House of Bishops to succeed the late Archbishop Kingston, is seen standing with his chaplains at the chancel steps and facing the other Archbishops.

AMERICA'S SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MEETS BRITAIN'S CHANCELLOR: Mr. Snyder and Mr. Gaitskell seen in conference together in Washington. One result of Mr. Gaitskell's American visit was to assure Britain supplies of steel in the year ahead, but there were complaints in the U.S. Press that Mr. Gaitskell did not come armed with assurances about Empire tin and Empire wool.

AMERICAN AID IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA: Mr. Edmund Gullion, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States Legation at Saigon, shaking hands with Nguyen Khac Ve, the Vietnamese Minister of Justice, after they had signed an economic agreement extending American aid to Viet Nam. On the following days bilateral agreements were concluded with Cambodia, at a ceremony at Pnompenh, and with Laos, at a ceremony in Vientiane. The agreements make formal the allocation of 23,500,000 dollars to the three states during the last fiscal year for public health, agricultural assistance, public works and relief. Under the terms of the agreements, the Economic Co-operation Administration has asked Congress to appropriate 30,000,000 dollars for the three countries during next year.

THE UNINHIBITED OUTPOURINGS OF D. H. LAWRENCE CAUSE DISTRESS IN NIPPON: Tadashi Ito (front row, right), translator of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and Kijiro Koyama, the publisher, standing their trial in the Tokyo District Court, where they are accused of furthering the sale of obscene literature. An estimated 150,000 copies of the two-volume translation were sold during 1950, soon after publication. The Supreme Procurators' Office and the National Rural Police Headquarters have judged the work to be "obscene," but the arrest of Ito and Koyama brought swift repercussions, and the Japan Writers' Association has rallied to the defence of literary freedom.

THE "NOVA ESPERO" REACHES THE COAST OF THE UNITED STATES AFTER ANOTHER ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: Mr. Stanley Smith (right) and Mr. Charles Violet in the cockpit of the famous yacht on arrival at Southport, Connecticut. After a brief halt they continued on to New York, there to deliver to the Mayor the message which they carried from the Lord Mayor of London when they set out from the South Bank Exhibition last May. The *Nova Espero* sailed from Shelburne, Nova Scotia, on August 10 on the last stages of her voyage. When she was reported overdue, planes and surface craft searched in vain for her. Then the yacht sailed into Southport, Connecticut, unperceived by the coast guards. Mr. Stanley Smith described the latest voyage as stormy. "We did this to celebrate the Festival of Britain," he said, "but we are not taking the yawl back. We have had enough."

GEOFFREY DUKE, BRITAIN'S ACE MOTOR-CYCLE RIDER, CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE AT MONZA WHEN TAKING THE WORLD TITLE ON A NORTON IN THE 350-CC. CLASS IN THE ITALIAN GRAND PRIX DES NATIONS: Duke had previously won the world championship for 500-cc. machines. This was Duke's fifth success of the season in 350-cc. events at Grand Prix meetings. He covered a distance of about 94 miles in 57 mins. 29·9 secs. Second was Ken Kavanagh, of Australia (Norton), in 57 mins. 30·4 secs., and third Jack Brett, Britain (Norton), 58 mins. 10·7 secs. Bill Doran and Reginald Armstrong, Britain, both riding A.J.S.s, were fourth and fifth respectively. Norton won the manufacturers' world championship for this class with a score of 40 points.

A TRAGEDY UPON THE YUGOSLAVIAN FRONTIER: Civil police of the Free Territory of Trieste carrying the bodies of two Italians back over the border from Yugoslavia after they had been shot by a Yugoslavian frontier guard. The Italians had crossed the railway dividing Yugoslavia and the Free Territory when looking for a place to picnic. Both of them were residents of Trieste.

GENERAL DE GAULLE ADDRESSES A LUNCHEON OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION IN PARIS: The General, who is leader of the French People's Rally, the largest political party in the State, giving his views on the vexed question of French participation in the Atlantic Pact. On the General's left hand is Mr. Preston Grover, President of the Anglo-American Press Association.

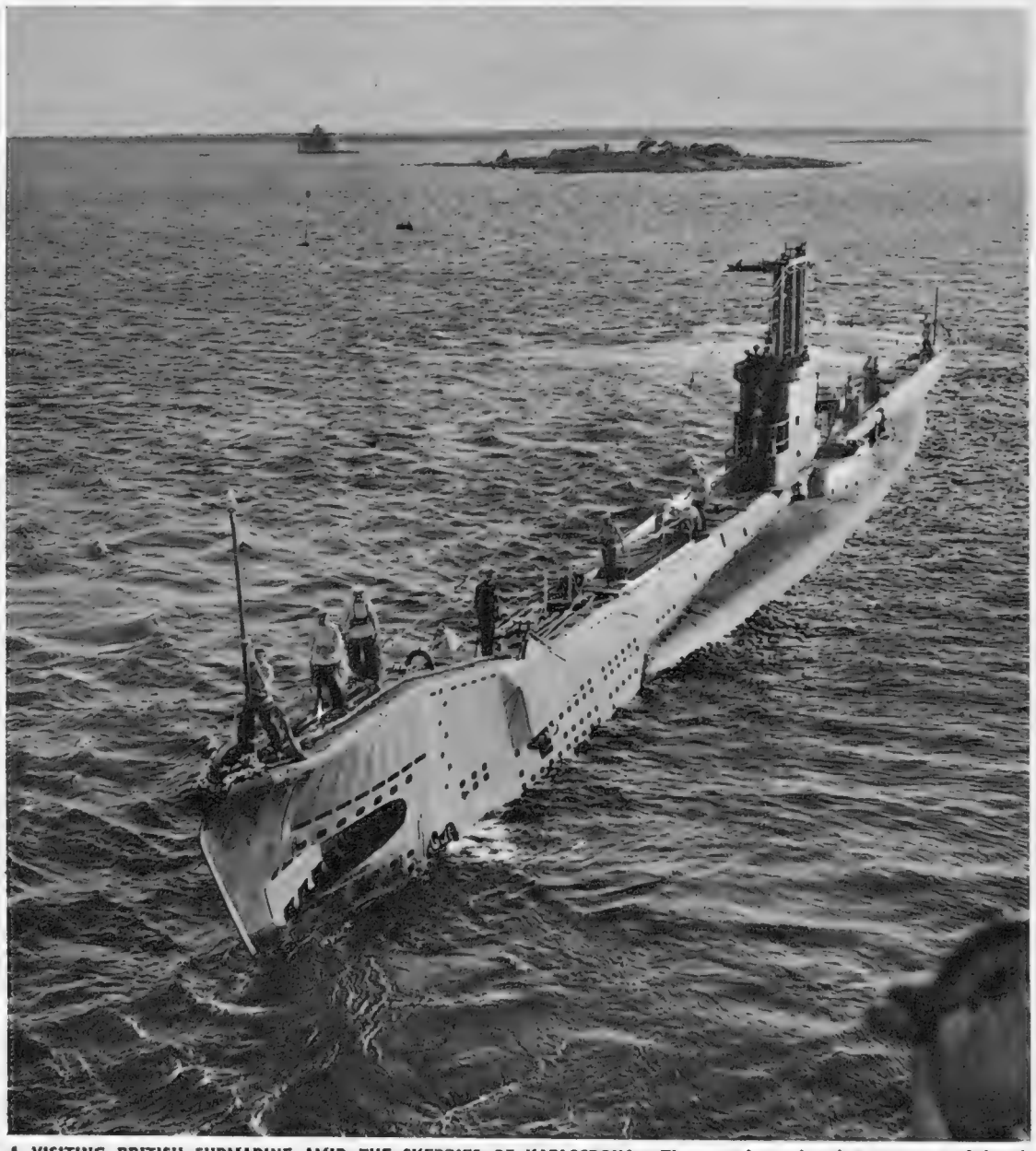
HE WANTED TO PAINT WEST BERLIN RED: Lieutenant Alexajew Katinin, of the Red Army, leaving a police-station in West Berlin en route to American military headquarters for interrogation. One of his epaulettes is torn and all but one of the buttons on his tunic are missing. The officer, accompanied by a private, had apparently raced into West Berlin in his car, and had created a great deal of excitement in one of the residential quarters by firing his revolver. The West Berlin police seized the Russians before they did any damage and then turned them over to the U.S. Military authorities, who, in turn, asked the Red Army to send transport for the men.

THE BRITISH SUBMARINE DEPOT SHIP "MONTCLARE" FIRES A SALUTE ON PASSING THE FORTRESS OF KUNGSHOLM DURING A VISIT TO THE SWEDISH NAVAL BASE OF KARLSCRONA: The *Montclare* formed part of the Third British Submarine Flotilla engaged on a late summer cruise in Baltic waters. Sweden—shy of Atlantic Pact entanglements at this crucial stage in world affairs—ignored the visit. During the first three days no shore celebrations were arranged for the visiting Navy men and, according to one report, the Swedish Press boycotted the visit. The reception at Karlscrona was in marked contrast to Stockholm's welcome accorded to the British carrier *Indomitable* in June, when the 23,000-ton vessel anchored near the Royal Castle and King Gustav went aboard to pay a ceremonial call upon Admiral Sir Philip L. Vian. Karlscrona, where the Third British Submarine Flotilla was cold-shouldered, has long been the chief naval dockyard of Sweden. It was founded by Charles XI in 1680, and is protected by a series of outlying rocky islands, for the most part fortified.

BRITISH WARSHIPS CRUISE IN BALTIC WATERS

BUT THE SWEDES, CONSCIOUS OF POLITICAL ENTANGLEMENTS, ARRANGE NO CELEBRATIONS

CANADIAN AND BRITISH NAVAL ATTACHÉS FROM STOCKHOLM ENTERTAINED ABOARD THE "MONTCLARE": Captain Green and Commander Wyburd seated beside Captain C. H. Hutchinson, D.S.O. (right), the commanding officer of the British Flotilla visiting the Baltic.

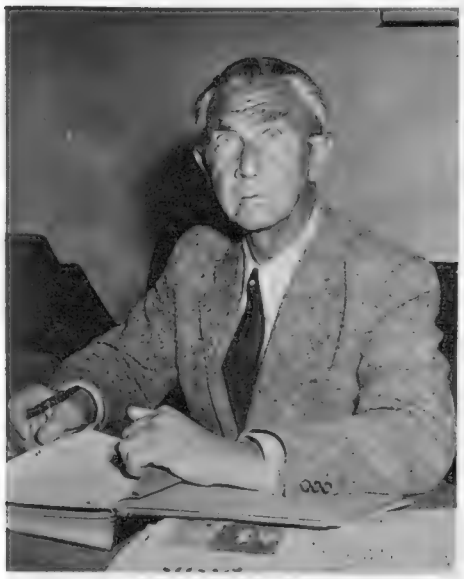


A VISITING BRITISH SUBMARINE AMID THE SKERRIES OF KARLSCRONA: The vessel coming into port, and in the background one of the outlying islands. The visiting flotilla consisted of the *Montclare*, the destroyer *Zambesi*, the former frigate *Woodbridge Haven*, and the submarines *Æneas*, *Anchorite*, *Alliance* and *Tallyho*.

CROSS-CURRENTS IN THE NEW GERMANY

While the Soldiers of the Third Reich Unite in a Federal Organization, the Victims of Nazi-ism are Not Forgotten

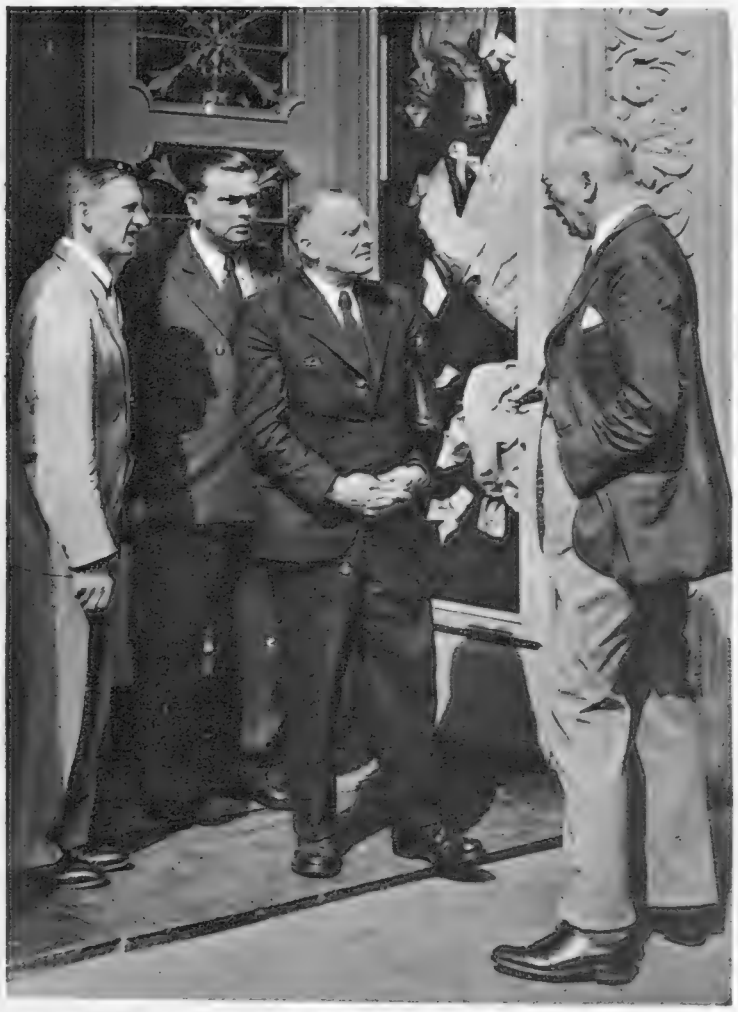
A SILENT MARCH FOR CAPTIVE COMRADES: Carrying a banner bearing the words "Don't Forget Us" (a message purporting to come from former German soldiers still in captivity), German ex-prisoners-of-war are seen parading through the streets of the West German capital at Bonn. They staged a silent march, but it was made plain that their target was Russia, which is said to have retained several hundreds of thousands of former German soldiers in camps within "the Iron Curtain." Dr. Adenauer, the Chancellor, sent the 3,500 marchers a message of goodwill, and Herr Blucher, the deputy Chancellor, told the gathering that the Government would do all in its power to bring about the release of those still in captivity and to help those who had returned.



BEFORE HITLER CAME TO POWER HE WAS FINANCE MINISTER OF PRUSSIA: Herr Hermann Hoepher-Aschoff, of the Free Democratic Party; who has just been elected President of the West German Constitutional Court by a Judiciary Committee of the Bonn Parliament.

BONN ACCORD! Dr. Noack, of the German Ex-Prisoner of War Federation, shaking hands with ex-Admiral Gottfried Hansen when they met in Bonn early last week at the gathering of representatives of ex-service organisations in West Germany.

MOURNING IN WEST BERLIN—THE CROWD WHICH GATHERED IN FRONT OF THE OLD PLOETZENSEE PRISON, WHERE A MEMORIAL STONE WAS SET UP FOR THE 2,000 KILLED THERE BY THE NAZIS AS A REPRISAL FOR THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HITLER: While this ceremony was proceeding, thousands paraded in East Berlin in memory of concentration camp victims. The parade was arranged by an organisation known as "The Victims of Fascism."



THE ACCENT WAS ON EX: Ex-German officers leaving a Bonn hotel where they had attended a meeting at which, as representatives of ex-service organisations, they formed themselves into one federal group. On the left is ex-General von Manteuffel (no relation of the Manteuffel who was head of the German Army of Occupation in France after the Franco-Prussian War), and in the centre is ex-General Stumpf. The provisional chairman of this new organisation is Colonel-General Friessner, who at the end of the Second World War commanded two army groups on the eastern front. The new federal group includes ex-prisoners-of-war, and they are indeed a dominant force in the organisation. The largest single veterans' organisation in the country is "The German Soldiers Association," which is headed by ex-Admiral Gottfried Hansen.

MOURNING IN EAST BERLIN—THE PARADE IN HONOUR OF THE VICTIMS OF NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMPS: The banner in the foreground bears the portrait of the Communist leader Ernst Thaelmann, who died in a concentration camp. The Nazis claimed that Allied bombs killed Thaelmann; but the Communists say he was murdered. Large crowds lined the streets to watch the procession pass by, and later many people attended memorial services for the fallen.

THE BALLOON GOES UP IN THE LAST DAYS OF BRITAIN'S FESTIVAL

A FLIGHT OVER LONDON FROM THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION

INFLATING CARD I, THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN BALLOON WHICH WAS RELEASED LAST WEEK FROM THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION IN LONDON : After a flight of 55 minutes the balloon landed in a field north-east of Waltham Abbey, Essex. It was navigated by Mr. G. E. Long, of the R.A.F. Research and Development Centre, Cardington, and with him, making their first trip in a balloon, were Mr. Hippisley Coxe, representing the Council of Industrial Research of the Festival, and Mr. G. Gregorov, a commentator of the B.B.C.'s foreign service. The hydrogen balloon of 58,000 cub. ft. was lent by the R.A.F. to the Festival of Britain authorities. After crossing the Thames the balloon flew across Fleet Street towards King's Cross. There the sun went behind a cloud, and, in losing the warmth, the hydrogen contracted and the balloon lost height, dropping to 500 ft. Ballast was discarded, and the balloon rose to 1,200 ft. At 5.45 a successful descent was made in Essex. Mr. Hippisley Coxe afterwards described it as "the most peaceful journey I have ever made."

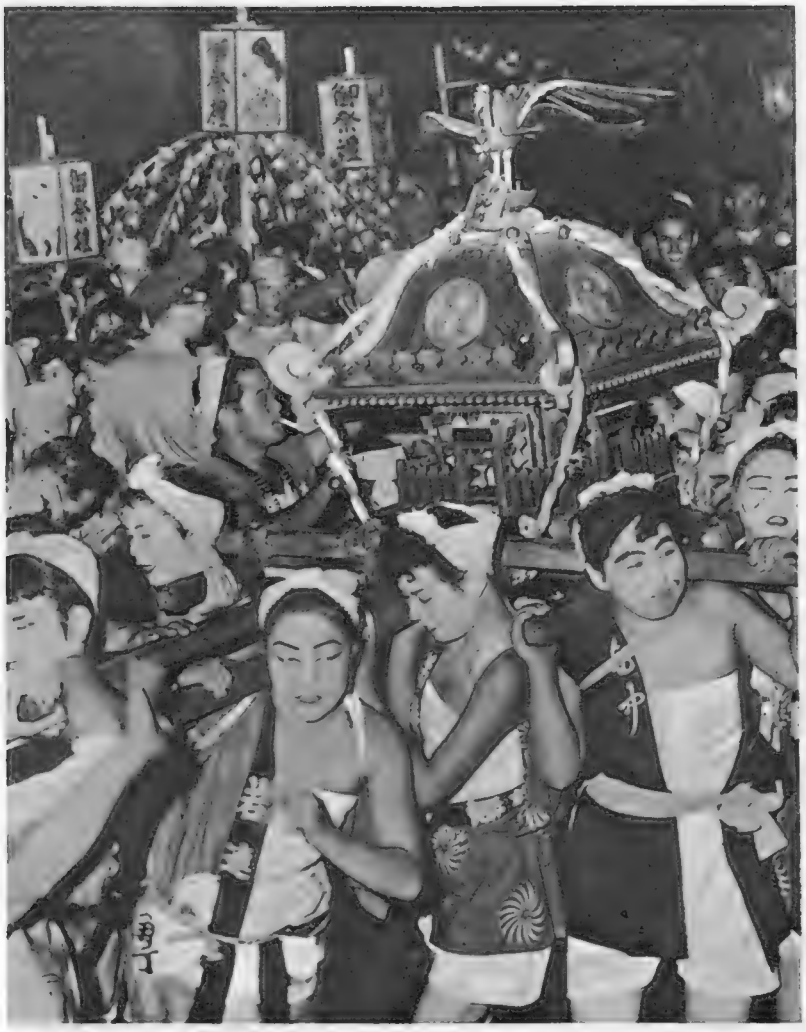
WITH THE SKYLON FOR BACKGROUND : The Festival of Britain balloon seen fully-inflated and ready for the start of its journey across London. From this same spot thousands of small balloons have been released during the Festival of Britain, each carrying a free entrance voucher to those who have been lucky enough to retrieve them.

LAST-MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS TO THE GUY ROPES : Mr. G. Gregorov, the B.B.C. commentator, Mr. Hippisley Coxe, representing the Council of Industrial Research of the Festival, and Mr. G. E. Long, the pilot, seen before they set out from the South Bank on their journey into the Essex countryside.

THE SPHERICAL FEATURE SAYS GOOD-BYE TO THE VERTICAL FEATURE : The Festival balloon rising above the Skylon at the South Bank Exhibition beside the Thames in the heart of London. *On right*—Festival flags hanging from the basket of the balloon as the aeronauts soared above the roof-tops of London at the start of their journey.

MORE FESTIVAL DAYS; BUT BEYOND THE SHORES OF BRITAIN

CELEBRATIONS IN JAPAN, SWITZERLAND, HOLLAND AND MALTA



GIRLS OF TACHIKAWA, A CITY ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE MILES FROM TOKYO, CELEBRATING THE SUMMER FESTIVAL: They are carrying their Shinto shrine through the streets in a happy procession held this year specially to commemorate the signing of the peace treaty and Japan's emergence as a free nation. In ancient days there was a festival of some kind for almost every day of the year in Tokyo, and even nowadays they are of remarkable frequency. Shintoism aims at the happiness of earthly life, and assumes the souls of the departed can aid essentially in securing it.

SMALL CRAFT FORM AN AVENUE IN VALETTA HARBOUR, MALTA, WHILE TWO ROWING BOATS RACE THROUGH DURING THE NATIONAL DAY REGATTA: On September 8 Malta celebrated the day when, under the Knights of St. John, the islanders defeated the Turks in 1565 after a long siege. The regatta was part of the celebrations commemorating that historic event.

ONE OF THE YACHT RACES AT THE MALTA REGATTA: The National Day Regatta at Malta included races for many classes of small craft. Here some of the yachts speed through the quiet harbour competing in one of the events.

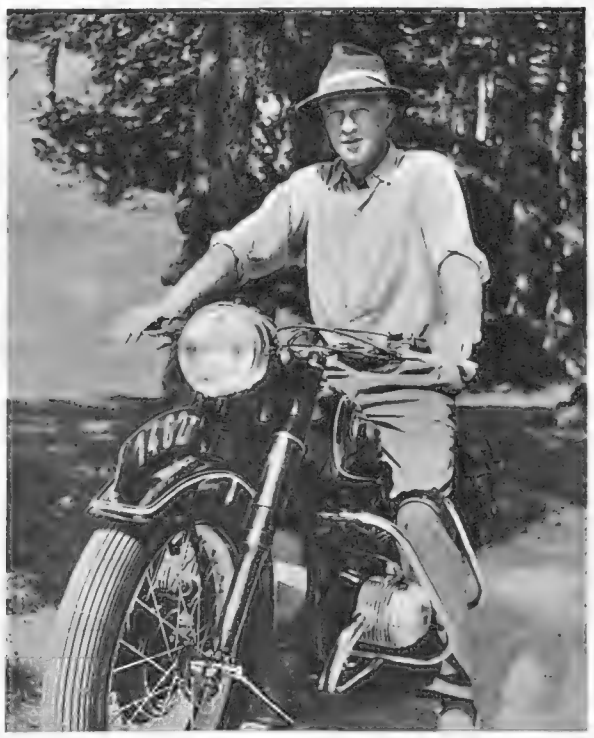
THE ANNUAL COSTUME FESTIVAL IN LUCERNE: Wearing the traditional dress of the Berne Highlands the young people parade through the city with their decorated floats, and they are seen here after crossing one of the bridges over the River Reuss. More than ever Lucerne is living up to its reputation as a world tourist centre.

A DAY OF FLOWERS IN AMSTERDAM: This giant floral duck and the floral elephant representing India were part of the big parade of flower-decked cars held recently in Amsterdam. Millions of blooms were used in the construction of the animals and there were floral cars representing many countries. Nurserymen at the Aalsmeer flower-centre of Amsterdam worked night and day to construct these exhibits.

A WINDMILL OF FLOWERS AT THE AMSTERDAM FLOWER PARADE: It was one of the many ingenious exhibits made by flower-growers of Amsterdam and drawn in procession through the city's streets to the Olympic Stadium. Each car represented a country.

CAREFREE DAYS FOR BELGIAN ROYALTY

KING BAUDOUIN JOINS HIS FATHER, EX-KING LEOPOLD, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ON A HOLIDAY IN AUSTRIA

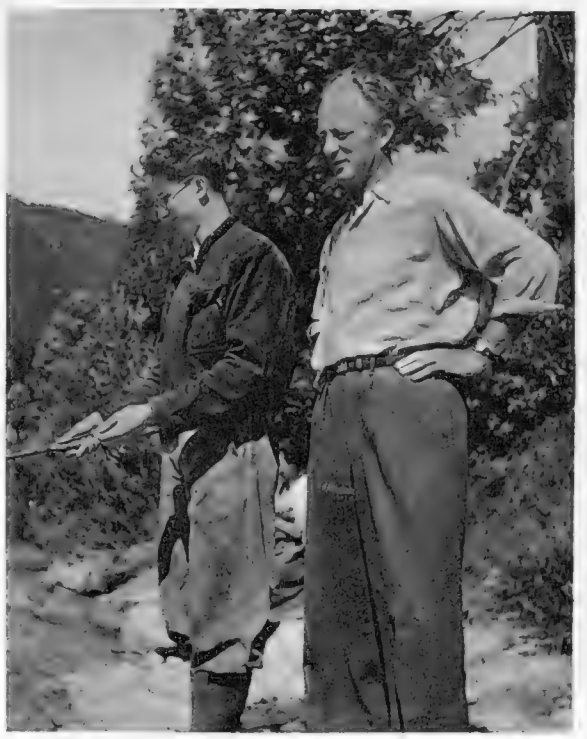


AWAY FROM IT ALL AT A RETREAT IN THE SALZKAMMERGUT: *Left*—Ex-King Leopold of the Belgians astride his motor-cycle on which, while on holiday, he has toured this magnificent forest country in Austria. He and his family have been staying at a chalet hotel. *Right*—Prince Albert (King Baudouin's brother), King Baudouin, ex-King Leopold, the Princess de Rethy (wife of ex-King Leopold) and Princess Josephine Charlotte.

In July of this year King Leopold III of the Belgians, with the Prince Royal beside him, stood in the throne room of the Royal Palace of Laeken and solemnly renounced his throne. On the day following, Prince Baudouin, his twenty-one-year-old son, who had been Prince Royal for a year, took the oath and as Baudouin I began his reign as fifth King of the Belgians. It was the end of an era, a tragic era in Belgian Royal history, but it was by no means the end of a happy family relationship, and as these pictures show, father and son have been enjoying a family holiday together amid the lake and forest country of Austria's Salzkammergut. With ex-King Leopold was his second wife, the young and beautiful Princess de Rethy, and all the children of his first marriage, the popular Princess Josephine Charlotte, who is said to inherit so many of the characteristics of the beloved Astrid, and Prince Albert of Liege, who has just passed his seventeenth birthday.

PREPARING FOR A MORNING BY ONE OF THE TROUT STREAMS: Ex-King Leopold, the Princess de Rethy, King Baudouin and Princess Josephine Charlotte. *On right*—FATHER AND SON: Ex-King Leopold and King Baudouin beside the stream. The fourth King of the Belgians and his son have always been devoted companions.

THE PRINCESS DE RETHY AND HER STEPSON: The Princess seen walking up to the chalet hotel followed by King Baudouin after fishing in the trout stream.



CAN MOUNT EVEREST BE CONQUERED FROM THE SOUTH-WEST? *Aims of the 1951 Expedition*

THE DRAMATIC SIGHT WHICH, ON A CLEAR DAY, CONFRONTS THE WOULD-BE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST AFTER THEY CROSS THE FRONTIER OF EAST NEPAL: The great Himalayan barrier seen from the region of Sandakphu, which lies slightly to the north-east of Jogbani, where Mr. Shipton and his colleagues of the 1951 Reconnaissance Expedition arrived recently. In a despatch from Jogbani, they stated that the sky remained overcast and heavy, and that there was no sight of the Himalayan range. Everest is the third peak from the right in this picture and appears to be out-topped by Makalu; but this is only because Makalu is nearer.

On August 27, in a despatch from Jogbani, Mr. W. H. Murray, of the 1951 Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition, described his arrival with Dr. Michael Ward on the frontier of East Nepal, there to await Mr. Shipton, the leader of the expedition, and Mr. Bourdillon. From Jogbani they must trek for fourteen days to the Dudh Khosi River, and then will begin in earnest their great adventure on the face of the white, icy citadel of Everest, the goal of so many thwarted journeyings, and the scene of more than one tragedy, in this present century

CAN Mount Everest be conquered from the south west?

That, in brief, is the big question confronting the small expedition led by Eric Shipton which has gone out to the Himalayas this autumn at the behest of the Himalayan Committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club. They are approaching the great mountain through Nepal, and have obtained permission from the Nepalese Government to go through their territory.

The idea of looking for a way of climbing Everest from the south-west is not new, but apparently the expeditions in the years between the wars were quite content with what appeared to be the straightforward route established by Mallory and his companions in 1921, when they travelled by way of the Rongbuk Glacier and the East Rongbuk Glacier and headed for the North Col.

The expeditions of the 1920's and 1930's showed, however, that the route via the North Col had some disastrous features, being exposed after 23,000 ft. to the full violence of the north-westerly gales that sweep the citadel of the Himalayas. The real struggle on this route begins on approaching the North Col, for there a steep glacier ice-fall is always on the move, and in the words of Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, a brilliant former leader, "a negotiable route of one year may be seamed by crevasses or barred by ice-cliffs the next." In 1922, on the fatal day of June 7, an avalanche carried away climbers and porters, killing seven men. In 1924 safety was only secured by a sensational detour to the north, involving the ascent of an almost vertical ice chimney.

"Clearly we must work out a route for ourselves," said Mr. Ruttledge in 1933; and in 1936, when he was again upon the mountain, he was no less sure of the difficulties of the Rongbuk–North Col approach. With Mr. Ruttledge on the 1936 journey was Mr. Shipton, the leader of the present reconnaissance, and he, too, saw only too clearly the manifold disadvantages of the route, noting, in particular, the awkward northerly dip of the strata which on the upper part of the mountain makes the ledges unsuitable for camp sites, reduces footholds to a minimum, and tends to form overhangs whenever there is any steepening of the rock. In addition, Mr. Shipton noted the sunlessness of the upper part of the north face, much of which is in shadow until nine in the morning. Apart from the possible effect of this upon snow conditions, it certainly has a bad effect upon the morale of climbers when it comes to an early morning start.

Whatever the exact causes, each attempt on Everest between the wars, and all were along the north-eastern route, was baffled in turn. There were the reconnaissances of 1921 and 1935, and the attempts to reach the summit in 1922, 1924, 1933, 1936 and 1938, and all pointed to the same conclusion, that any chances of scaling Everest by that way would depend upon a combination of circumstances that would be rare indeed. The most tragic episode of all was in 1924, when Irvine and Mallory reached 26,800 ft. and then set out alone to climb the remainder of the distance to the 29,141 ft. summit. They disappeared at 28,239 ft., trudging into the clouds surrounding the final pyramid. Those two intrepid climbers may have got to the top and have been unable to return, but they were never seen again.

Now Mr. Shipton and his colleagues are trying out a new route, and this veteran of Everest, who has also

THE MAN WHO SEEKS A NEW ROUTE TO THE SUMMIT: Eric Shipton, the leader of the 1951 Everest Reconnaissance, studying maps of the approaches to Everest before his departure from England.

penetrated the great glacier basin of Nanda Devi, a Himalayan mountaineer of proven skill and daring, is of the opinion that the answer lies in gaining the South Col. Once gained, photographic evidence would seem to show that the route to the summit would not present insurmountable difficulties.

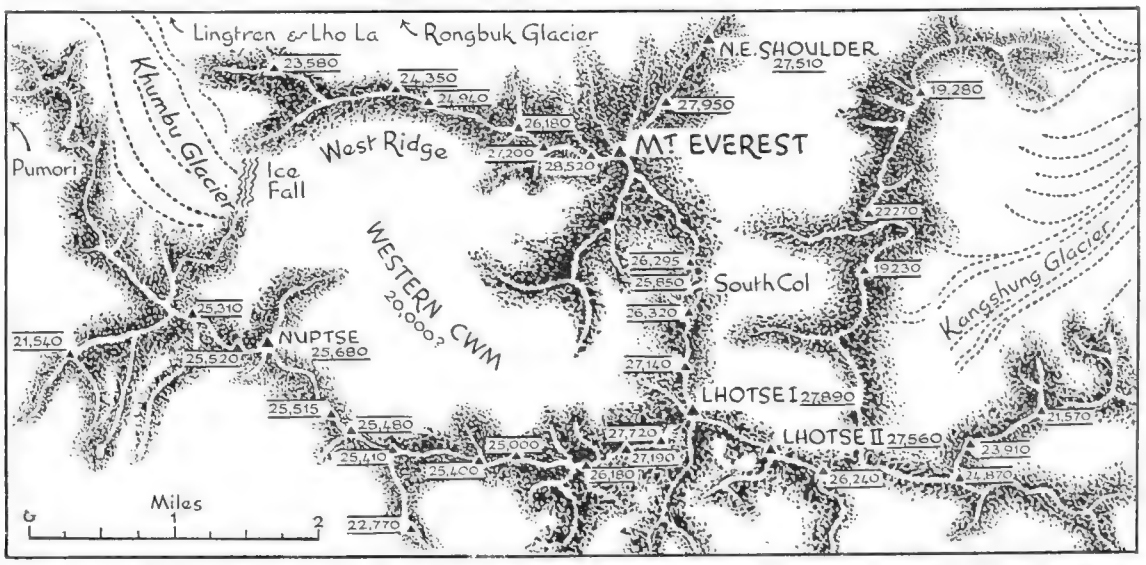
The south-western aspect of Everest, however, is unknown terrain. None of the photographs taken on the 1933 Everest flight reveal conditions below 26,000 ft., but it is known that there exists there a mysterious basin called the Western Cwm, flanked by the great peaks of Nuptse (25,680 ft.), Lhotse I (27,890 ft.) and the citadel of Everest itself.

Mr. Shipton has called this Western Cwm a freak of mountain architecture, and, even with his experience of Everest, he finds it difficult to imagine exactly what may be found there. Both he and Mallory have seen the gorge leading up to this vast basin, Mallory in 1921 when he was exploring the West Rongbuk glacier, and Shipton himself in 1935 when, accompanied by L. V. Bryant, he camped on the watershed between Pumori and Lingtren. "From where we stood then," Mr. Shipton has written, "the Cwm itself was screened from view by a northward bend in the valley. The defile at its entrance was flanked on the south by the great ice-face of Nuptse and on the north by the western shoulder of Everest. A westerly spur of Nuptse curled round to the north, thus squeezing the glacier of the upper basin into a narrow lip over which it poured in a gigantic ice-fall, a wild tumble of contorted ice, to the Khumbu glacier 2,000 ft. below. The Cwm itself must be an amazing place ringed as it is, except for that narrow entrance, by a mountain wall no less than 25,000 ft. high." So far as can be judged, the floor of the Cwm is hardly more than 20,000 ft. high, nearly 6,000 ft. below the Col, so the route is bound to be steep. The entrance to the Cwm being guarded by a formidable ice-fall, it may take a week or more to work through this, but the chances involved are obviously well worth taking, for once upon the South Col the climbers would have an opportunity to forge ahead, wholly sheltered from the savagery of the north-western gales, the cohorts of the monsoon which have to date been the most formidable barrier to the conquest of the mountain.

This, then, is the prospect that lies ahead of the 1951 party. No mountaineer would say the chances were particularly bright, for the search for a way up is now confined to one segment of the mountain, a segment that is almost unknown terrain. As ever, the odds are heavily weighted against the climbers.

Mr. Shipton has taken with him as brilliant a band of mountaineers as could be mustered for a Himalayan expedition. Mr. W. H. Murray, who is thirty-eight, has had much experience of Alpine mountaineering, and last year he led a Scottish expedition to the Central Himalaya, where his party climbed five peaks and covered a large area of country. Dr. Michael Ward (aged twenty-six) is one of the most outstanding of the post-war generation of British mountaineers, and he has five Alpine seasons behind him. Mr. Bourdillon (aged twenty-four) has had three Alpine seasons. Mr. Shipton is the veteran of the party, having known the Himalayas for over twenty years.

RICHARD EDMONDS.



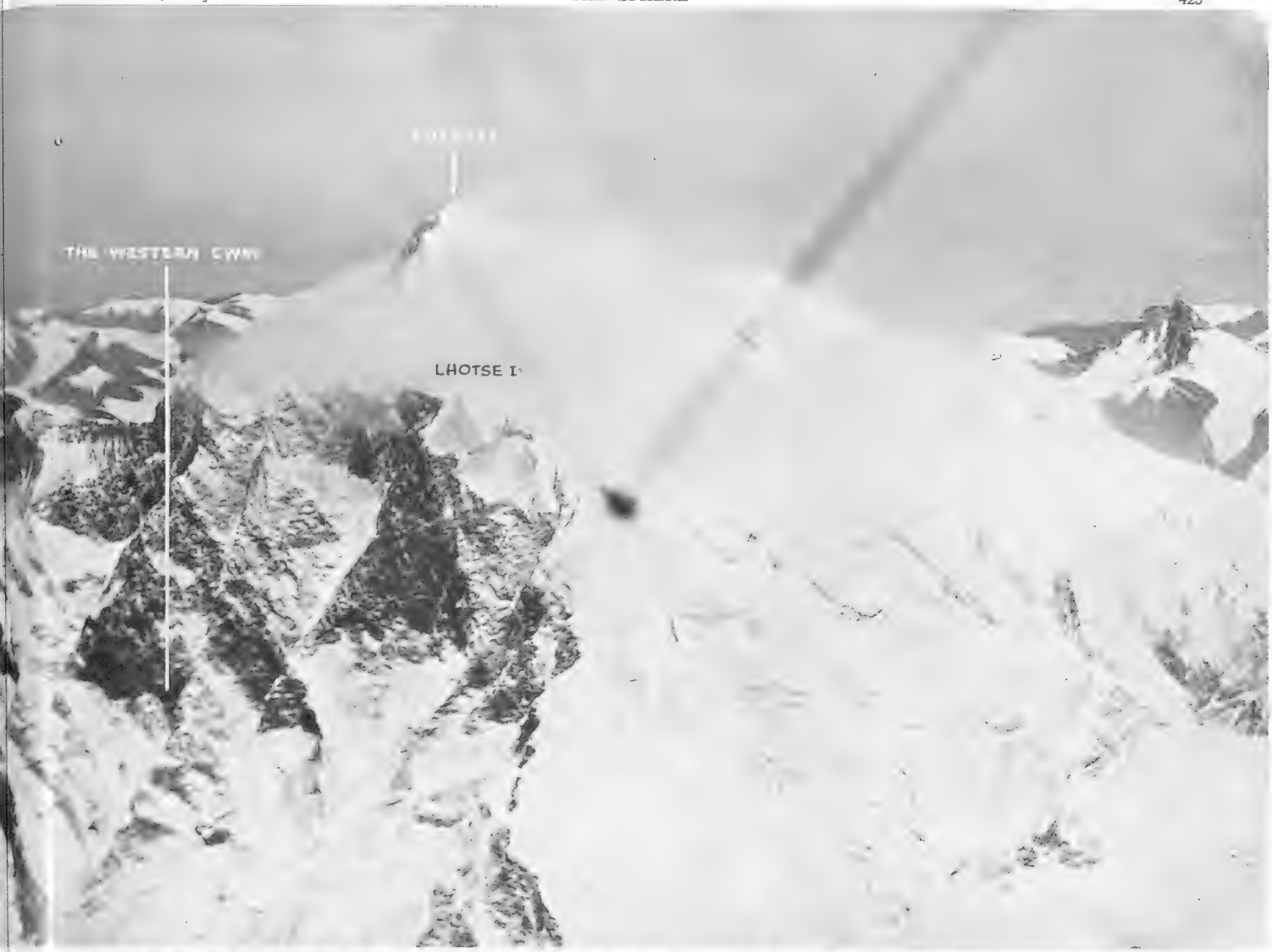
A SKETCH-MAP SHOWING THE MYSTERIOUS WESTERN CWM WHICH MR. SHIPTON AND HIS COLLEAGUES HOPE TO EXPLORE WITH A VIEW TO FINDING A NEW WAY TO THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST: The Cwm, which has never been reconnoitred from the ground, being guarded by a formidable ice-fall, and has not been satisfactorily photographed from the air, may provide a route to the South Col. From there the final assault on Everest's summit might be made.

SEEKING A NEW WAY UP MOUNT EVEREST

THE RUGGED SOUTH-WESTERN FACE OF THE HIMALAYAN GIANT, WHERE MR. SHIPTON AND HIS PARTY WILL PURSUE THEIR INVESTIGATIONS

FOR MANY YEARS HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINEERS THOUGHT THAT THIS WAS THE WAY TO THE CITADEL OF EVEREST : This is the famous approach from the North Col, and the one used by all expeditions between the wars. Now, after climbers have sustained years of defeat upon these treacherous slopes, which are in places almost as precipitous as the roof of a house, Mr. Eric Shipton is leading his new reconnaissance party from a totally different direction, planning to make his reconnaissance of the mountain from the Western Cwm. The great gully in this picture was the highest point reached in 1933, but in 1924 Mallory and Irvine disappeared well above the gully, and may possibly have reached the summit, failing, however, on the return journey.

LHOTSE AND EVEREST FROM THE EAST : This picture was taken exactly 180 degs. from the point of attack chosen by Mr. Shipton for his present expedition, but it is of special interest as it shows the South Col, which the expedition believes can be reached from the Western Cwm, the mysterious basin which lies on the south-western side of the mountain. This Cwm will be penetrated from the West Rongbuk Glacier. Mr. Shipton is well aware that the route is formidable, and the chances of success are slender.



THE TORN ROCK FACE LYING BELOW LHOTSE AND EVEREST AND NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE GREAT WESTERN CWM, WHICH ERIC SHIPTON AND HIS EXPEDITION WILL RECONNOITRE : Already the 1951 expedition is passing through East Nepal on the way to the Everest base camp. So far as can be judged, the floor of the Western Cwm is 20,000 ft. high, that is to say, about 6,000 ft. below the South Col, which would be the penultimate objective in an attack on Everest from this direction. Mr. Shipton, on a previous expedition, reached the gorge leading to the Cwm, but so far as is known no man has ever penetrated the fastnesses of the Cwm itself.

WHAT THE MOUNTAINEER WOULD SEE FROM THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST DURING THE BRIEF MOMENT WHEN HE STOOD ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD : This picture, taken by the Houston Mount Everest Expedition in 1933, shows in the immediate foreground the citadel of Everest itself, and in the far distance the towering bulk of Makalu, another of the spectacular peaks in this region of the Himalayas. *On left*—THIS IS THE CURVED SOUTH-EAST FACE OF EVEREST'S SUMMIT : The picture, taken by the Houston Everest flyers, also shows the steep north-east ridge with its wind-swept rocks. This north-east ridge has long been considered as the one possible route to the summit. In a few weeks' time reports from Mr. Shipton and his men may indicate that the approach from the south-west is a better alternative and that it may indeed provide the final answer to the problem of Everest.

THE LAST OF THE DAIMYO

Narichika Kaneko Claims to be the Only Surviving Feudal War-Lord of Japan

NARICHIKA KANEKO, THE LAST OF JAPAN'S FEUDAL WAR-LORDS, LEADS PARTICIPANTS TO THE ARCHERY CONTEST : Kaneko claims to be descended from the twelfth-century Governor of the Aki (Hiroshima) Province of Japan.

THE RITUAL BEFORE THE CONTEST : Kaneko, mounted on a stallion, goes through the traditional ceremonies before the Yabusame archery contest begins. He points the arrow in his bow first to the heavens and then to the warm earth. Afterwards he offers solemn prayers for a rich rice harvest, peace and happiness for his people.

ARCHERY AT THE GALLOP : Travelling at full speed, a Yabusame archer, clad in the classical costume of a knight of the feudal Kamakura era, lets fly an arrow at the stationary target during this antique contest.

KANEKO AND HIS DISCIPLES : The leader of the Yabusame archers congratulates a contestant on an outstanding performance. Kaneko is actually a real estate agent.

Narichika Kaneko, aged sixty-five, has something in common with the great bronze Buddha of Kamakura, where he lives. For, like the famous image, he is a rare relic of the fabulous, classical era of old Japan. He is the last of the *daimyo*, the feudal war-lords—or so he claims. Had Narichika lived in any era preceding the Meiji Restoration, he would have lived in a mighty stone castle surrounded by a moat, and attended by a host of retainers, with legions of armoured *samurai*, Japanese feudal knights, at his command. If he had travelled along the famous Tokaido highway linking Kyoto, the ancient capital, with Tokyo, the new, he would have been carried by bearers in a lavish palanquin accompanied by a mile-long cortège consisting of gaily-clad courtiers, concubines, *samurai* and servants, with the common people bowing to the ground as the procession passed, dreading his slightest displeasure, which carried with it the legal right to cut off any offender's head with his *katana*, or sword. But Narichika Kaneko, although claiming to be a real *daimyo* by virtue of heritage as the thirty-sixth direct descendant of Takeda Nobumitsu (1162-1248), feudal Governor of Aki Province, now known as Hiroshima, is now plain Mr. Kaneko, of Kamakura. Even without the glory of his noble ancestry or the power that goes with the ruling of a realm, Narichika Kaneko is a man of many talents and achievements, and highly distinguished in his own rights. For one thing, he is recognised as the greatest exponent of Yabusame, the classical equestrian archery sport of shooting at stationary targets from horseback at full gallop, said to have been originated by Minamoto-no-Yoritomo (1147-1199), founder of the Kamakura Government. In teaching this sport, which is regarded as one of Japan's leading military arts as well as a sacred Shinto rite, Kaneko never fails to explain that his illustrious forefather Takeda Nobumitsu had inherited the "Twelve Targets of Minamoto" when he was made Governor of Aki Province by Shogun Minamoto-no-Yoritomo, because of his unrivalled skill in horsemanship and archery. As a result, the sport is also known as "The Twelve Targets of Takeda." Whenever participating in Yabusame himself, Kaneko, despite his advanced age, is rarely matched by the best riders and archers in the land. Dressed, as all the participants are, in brilliant, multi-coloured garments of warm silk, with flappy deer-skin "chaps" for the legs, and head covered with a black, lacquered hat ornamented with a devil's mask and flowing tassel of shining horsehair, Kaneko truly lives up to his reputation of "The Last Daimyo." Although a strong supporter of the democratic spirit, Kaneko still relishes the feudal *samurai* spirit of Bushido. He appreciates Emperor Hirohito in his new role of fellow-man, but he still believes him to be divine. As for his opinion on Japan's position in relation to the war in Korea, his summing-up is simple: Rearm Japan to the teeth and send her out to fight for the Allies.

THE SPIRIT OF MEDIEVAL JAPAN LIVES AGAIN IN NARICHIKA KANEKO : Gripping his bow and arrow, Kaneko stands before bunting bearing the traditional white emblem of his aristocratic family.

NEW WEAPONS OF WAR

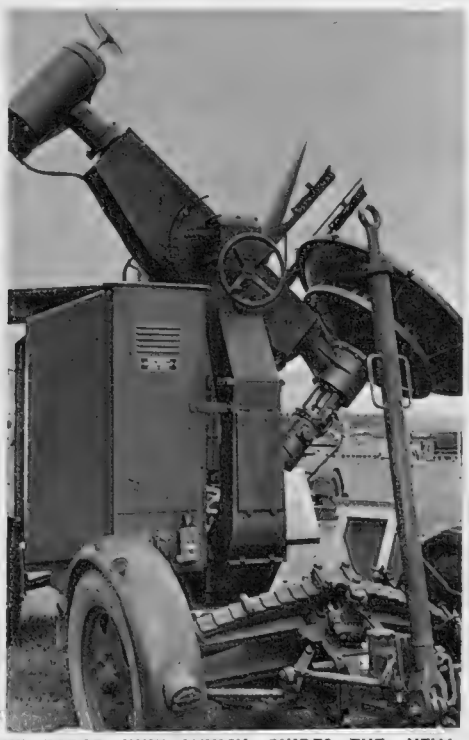
MOBILE TELEVISION IS TO BE USED FOR ARMY TRAINING PURPOSES IN THE U.S.A.: The two buses in this picture constitute the transmitting unit of a mobile television system which has recently been handed over to the American Army for training purposes. The bus on the left contains the power plant and a maintenance shop, while the second carries the cameras and other transmitting apparatus. Two more buses belonging to the system carry receiving equipment. The transmitting unit is shown here operating at the Signal Corps Centre, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. The odd, saucer-shaped device on top of the first bus is part of the micro-wave relay apparatus. Crouched beside it, giving instructions to the camera operators, is the technical supervisor.

ANOTHER NEW ·280 RIFLE: This is the Belgian FN ·280 light automatic rifle, which was demonstrated recently at the range at Brasschaat, near Antwerp. It is of the same calibre as the new British rifle, which has aroused so much controversy. The Belgian weapon has accuracy and stopping power up to 1,000 metres (0·621 mile), which is in accordance with the requirements of infantry. At the demonstration it was shown that bullets from the new rifle could penetrate the standard British steel helmet at a range of 1,000 metres and, at the same range, 1⅜ in. into a wooden panel. It fired two magazines after five minutes in sand.

On right and above on right—

THE RETURN TO ARMOUR: Armoured clothing for protecting troops against low velocity shell fragments and bullets has been developed by the American Army Quartermaster Corps and will be submitted to field testing in the near future. Here are pictures of the new protective clothing. The outfit includes a plastic helmet, considered superior to existing types made of steel. Supplies of the armoured jackets have been sent to Korea for the protection of litter-bearers, many of whom are wounded carrying casualties from the battlefield.

THE SWISS ANTI-AIRCRAFT ROCKET: Shown here on its launching ramp, this device may be a deadly answer to the bomber.



THE RADAR UNIT WHICH GUIDES THE NEW SWISS ROCKET TO ITS AERIAL TARGET: The small rocket Switzerland has recently developed for use against high-flying aircraft is guided by radar and can alter course to pursue a plane attempting to avoid it. It was seen for the first time in public recently at a National Aviation Meeting held at Dubendorf, Switzerland.

FASHIONS in FLIGHT at FARNBOROUGH

Where the Latest and Best in British Aircraft Have Been on View to the World

The fact that Britain has been receiving bombers and fighters on loan from the United States has no doubt brought reassurance of the strength of the partnership of the free world, but it has in past months given Englishmen pause for wonderment and concern. Last week the display and exhibition at Farnborough of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors showed the other side of the picture. It revealed to the world the renaissance of Britain's air power; and though our squadrons may still be equipped with out-of-date Meteors and our bombers are of Second World War vintage, we have none the less the prototypes of the aircraft that we need, and in addition, experimental types by the dozen to follow on with the task of keeping pace with the march of events. Farnborough 1951 was indeed a most heartening display, bringing visitors from many parts of the world to admire our new fashions in flight, our swept-wing jet fighters, our jet fighters with butterfly tails, the heirs of the Spitfire and the Hurricane, and our new bombers, like the Canberra and the Valiant, which can make a girdle round the earth at speeds hardly dreamt of in the days between the wars. Of the forty-eight aircraft at Farnborough, twenty-five of them had gas turbine engines, and among military aircraft the piston engine is clearly obsolete.

CLAIMED TO BE THE FASTEST AND MOST POWERFUL NAVAL FIGHTER IN THE WORLD: The magnificent Supermarine 508 (in foreground), with its butterfly-tail arrangement clearly in evidence, seen flying beside the all-swept Swift, another Supermarine product. In the butterfly design of the 508 the hinged trailing portions act as elevators when operating together, and as rudders when operated differentially. Unlike other new British fighters, about which information has been disclosed recently, the carrier-borne 508 does not have swept-back wings, but very thin wings incorporating unusual high-lift devices to meet the Royal Navy's requirements. The two Rolls-Royce Avon axial flow turbo-jet engines are housed within the fuselage. The Supermarine 508 made its first public appearance last week at the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' annual flying display and exhibition, at Farnborough, Hampshire.

THE BUTTERFLY TAIL WHICH HAS NEVER HITHERTO BEEN EMPLOYED ON A HIGH-PERFORMANCE AIRCRAFT: The Supermarine 508 at Farnborough for the exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. Details of the aircraft's performance are still secret.

EXAMINING THE NEW "SNARLER" LIQUID PROPELLANT ROCKET MOTOR, NOW OFF THE SECRET LIST, INSTALLED BENEATH THE TAILPLANE OF A HAWKER AIRCRAFT: This new and revolutionary engine has been developed in secret by Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, makers of the Sapphire, one of the most powerful turbo-jet engines in the world. The Snarler, unlike rocket units for assisting take-offs, can be switched off and on by the pilot to increase the rate of climb or to increase speed during combat or pursuit. It is quite small, fitting into a space measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., and has a maximum thrust of 2,000 lb. at sea-level. The fuel consists of liquid oxygen and a water-methanol mixture. The rocket motor has been flown extensively during recent months, installed in a Hawker P 1072, and has passed with flying colours a special category flight maintenance test. The Snarler was shown to the public for the first time at Farnborough

INTRODUCING THE FIRST SHORT BOMBER SINCE THE PRE-WAR STIRLING: The SA 4, powered with four Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jets, made its maiden flight in August. The superimposition of one Avon engine above another in the massive wing-mounted nacelles is a notable design feature, as also is the main wheel undercarriage with bogie arrangement. The nacelles are set at an angle to the fuselage centre line, and the tail-plane has been given a pronounced dihedral angle in order to clear the jet effluxes. In this first model there is no evidence of any armament. Britain's other four-jet bomber on show at Farnborough was the new Vickers Valiant.

***On left*—**
THE STARBOARD ENGINES OF THE SHORT SA 4: The two Avon power units are mounted one above the other. The picture also shows the bogie wheels of the starboard section of the under-carriage.

THE BRITISH FOUR-JET BOMBER, THE VICKERS VALIANT, ANOTHER AIRCRAFT WHICH MADE ITS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT FARNBOROUGH: **No aeroplane having the potential striking power of the Valiant has been designed with such an elegance of line as this new machine, which is being built for the Royal Air Force by Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. No details have been released of the performance of this new bomber, but the Secretary of State for Air has assured the nation that it will be superior to the twin-jet English Electric Canberra (a type pre-eminent in its own class) in range, speed, altitude and load-carrying capacity. In fact, it is faster than any other bomber in production in Britain.** Contrary to usual bomber practice, the main-plane is mounted high on the fuselage—a change decided upon in the light of research by Vickers-Armstrongs at their Weybridge works. Both main- and tail-planes have a pronounced sweep back and the tail-plane is mounted high on the fin. The four Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jet engines are completely housed within the wings, each pair of engines sharing a common intake near the wing roots. The bomb bay is of very large dimensions and the fuselage, though of superb aerodynamic form, is roomy.

ONE OF THE TWO AVRO 707 TYPES, THE DELTA-WING RESEARCH AIRCRAFT DEVELOPED BY A. V. ROE OF MANCHESTER: **The 707 is flying in two forms, the "B" (depicted here), which is intended for relatively low speed research, and the "A," capable of higher speeds and distinguished by wing root intakes. The "B" has a dorsal intake for the Rolls-Royce Derwent turbo-jet. A number of experts are convinced that the Delta configuration is the logical conclusion to the search for the aircraft design of the future, and in the next year or so these two machines will be employed in exploring the structural and aerodynamic problems of the day. The Boulton Paul III is another new Delta machine, as also is the Fairey FD1.**

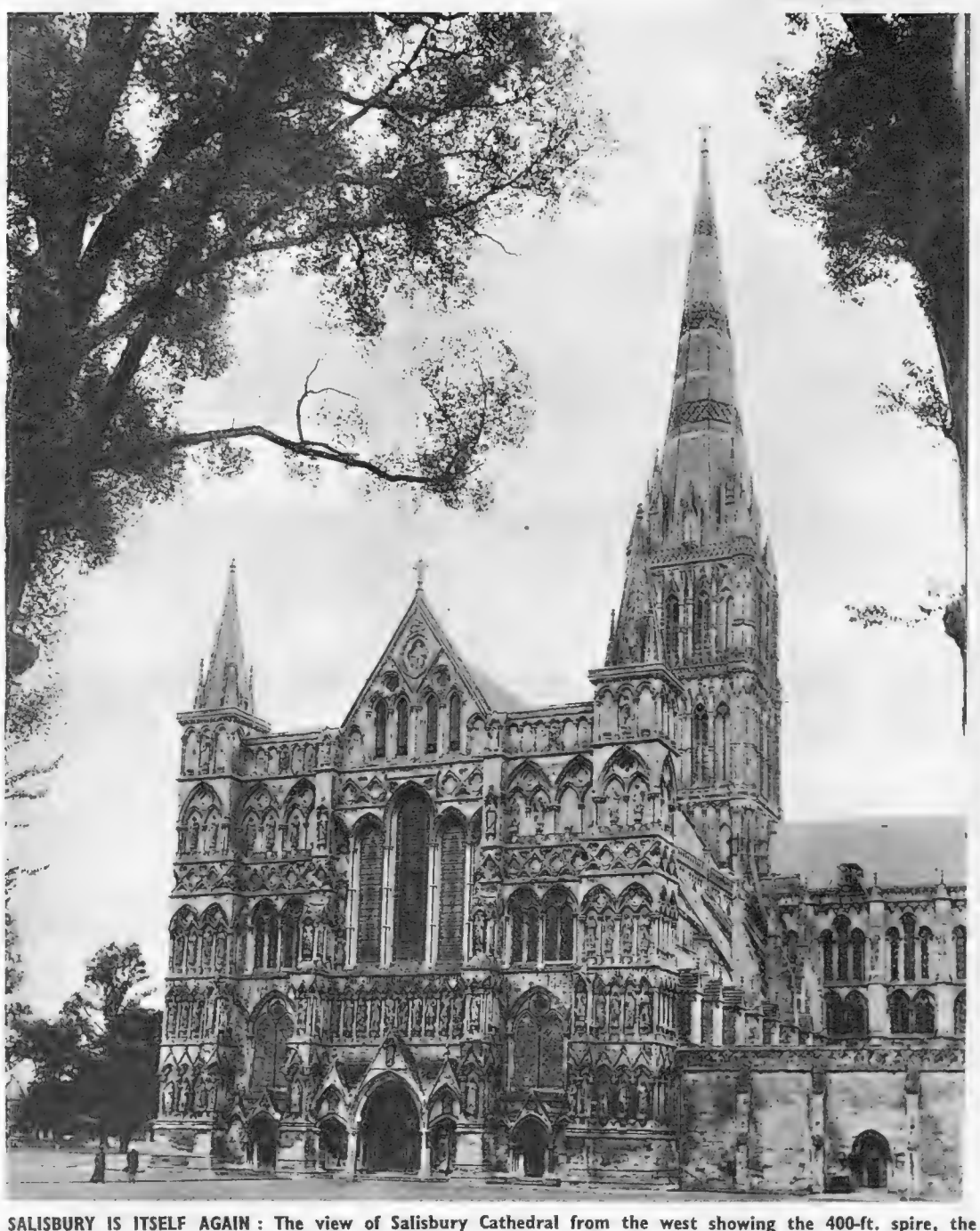
BRITAIN'S ANSWER TO THE RUSSIAN MIG 15: **Though bearing a strong family resemblance to its precursors (P 1040, Sea Hawk, P 1052 and P 1081), this P 1067 intercepter is a distinct type. It is claimed to be superior in performance to the American Sabre and Russian MIG 15 and has been ordered in quantity for the re-equipment of R.A.F. squadrons. The power unit—a Rolls-Royce Avon—is fed from intakes at the roots of the back-swept main-planes. At Farnborough last week the P 1067 put up a spectacular performance, and one Press commentator declared that "it certainly seemed to be travelling at a greater speed than any other machine seen at a public display in Britain." The P 1067 flew for the first time during last July.**

THE ALL-SWEPT SWIFT JET FIGHTER, AN AIRCRAFT IN THE SPITFIRE TRADITION: **A mishap prevented the Supermarine Swift from appearing at Farnborough for the opening of the annual display. This magnificent fighter is, however, in the very forefront of British flying development to-day, and before long regular R.A.F. squadrons will be equipped with it.** The makers are the Supermarine Company, the Aircraft Division of Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., a company with a long and proud record in British aviation. The company was originally formed in 1912, and for very many years specialised in the design and construction of seaplanes. The high-speed seaplanes, specially designed for the Schneider Trophy Contests, were outstandingly successful in the contests for '22, '27, '29 and '31 and, in the end, won the Trophy outright for Britain. After a long line of Supermarine seaplanes and flying-boats—among which the twin-engined Southampton boat of 1925 became the standard reconnaissance flying-boat for the R.A.F.—the company's first landplane to go into production was the Spitfire, which, in due course, was to become legendary. The prototype made its first flight in 1936.

THE BOULTON PAUL P III, ANOTHER OF THE NEW DELTA-WINGERS: **Powered by a Rolls-Royce Nene, this machine is intended for high-speed aerodynamic research. The fuselage is of unusual breadth at its forward end, where, in the extreme nose, the flat, oval-shaped intake is positioned. No particulars of construction or performance are authorised, but photographs suggest that the control surfaces are of unusual interest. During the First World War Boulton and Paul, as they were then known, built aircraft for the War Office and they produced in later years some of the first twin-engined day bombers.**

PRESERVING ENGLAND'S HERITAGE

Up and Down the Country, Craftsmen are at Work Restoring the Raw Material of English History



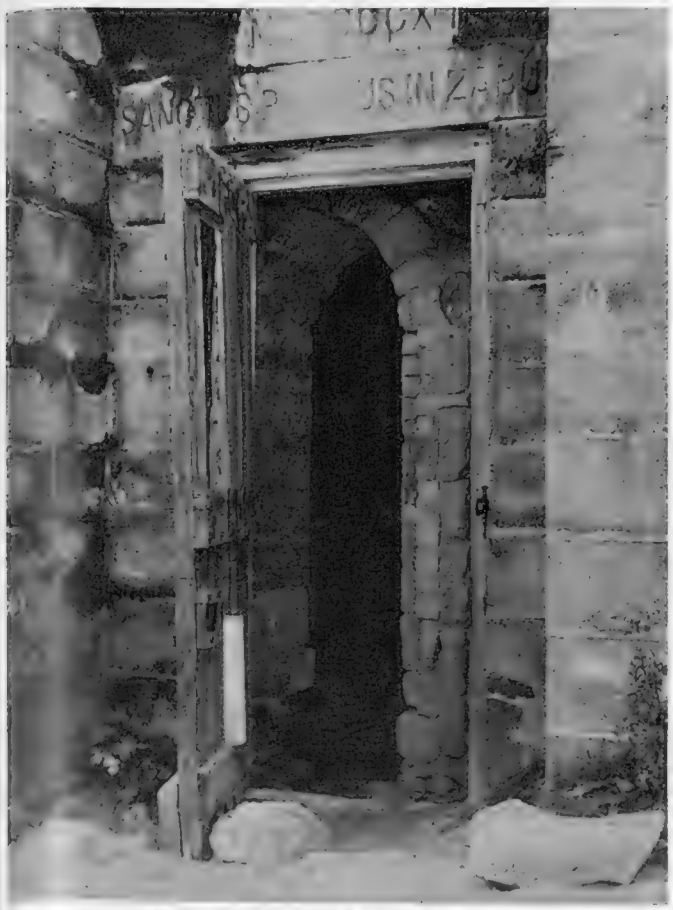
SALISBURY IS ITSELF AGAIN : The view of Salisbury Cathedral from the west showing the 400-ft. spire, the highest in England, which has now been restored. Work on the spire began two years ago after the Cathedral architect had announced that it was in "a state of decay and disintegration." It was said that rusted iron, mainly from nineteenth-century repairs, had expanded, laying bare numerous defects in splitting stones, etc. In order to make good these defects the top 25 ft. or so had to be completely rebuilt and the next 25 ft. had to have extensive restoration. The tower of Salisbury, with its internal arches, its two further stages and the spire, is one of the most remarkable feats of building of all time. In order to cover the cost of restoration and to allow for future maintenance the Dean and Chapter made an appeal for £100,000, of which more than £43,000 has been raised.

EVESHAM, WORCESTERSHIRE, CELEBRATES THE FESTIVAL BY RESTORING ITS FAMOUS BELL-TOWER : The bell-tower was erected in the second quarter of the sixteenth century as a receptacle for the clock and great bell of the Benedictine Monastery founded in the eighth century by St. Egwin. The church, monastic dwellings and wall were rebuilt by the Normans to replace the Saxon buildings. After Henry VIII had confiscated the property, the buildings were almost destroyed. Now, in celebration of Britain's Festival, the tower and other surviving sections of the old buildings have been restored and rededicated. At a recent service at the beginning of the town's festival celebrations, the tower's recast bells were rededicated by the Bishop of Worcester. The bells were first made in 1741 by Abel Rudhall and recast by John Taylor and Co. of Loughborough.

RESTORING AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MILL—A LINK WITH JOHN BUNYAN : Workmen cement into the floor inside the mill a large mill-stone, found hidden in the grass near by. The mill, at Stevington, five miles from Bedford, is being restored to mark the Festival Year. Stevington was chosen because of its association with John Bunyan.

Stevington Mill, near the village where John Bunyan founded the Baptist community, is being restored. It was built between 1765 and 1770 and was considerably repaired in 1900. This old mill was probably the last in the country using the old cloth-covered sails which had to be reefed by hand when the wind increased. The more modern spring sails spill the wind and automatically regulate their speed. The mill's sails were 6 ft. wide and had a span of 54 ft., but they have been reduced in length. At one time their great span made necessary a furrow in the earth so that they could turn freely and even now their tips come within a foot of the ground. The mill has a base of local limestone measuring 23 ft. overall and with an interior measurement of 18 ft. 6 ins. The base of the main post—27 ins. square—is unusually massive. It carried an overhead crown beam and the brake wheel, 8 ft. in diameter, and worked one pair of 4-ft. 6-in. stones, which were fixed on the topmost floor.

THE OLD MILL AT STEVINGTON STANDS IDLY OVER A FIELD OF CORN : Here the miller ground his corn to feed Bunyan's Baptist community at Stevington. The mill will now stand for many years to commemorate the Festival Year and to provide a landmark of a rare and lovely kind.



THE "LOST CHURCH" OF ST. PIRAN, CORNWALL: Looking through the doorway of the concrete shell which has been built over the ruins of the centuries-old church to protect it from sand and weather. In 1835 wind blew away the sand and brought the ruins to light after they had been hidden beneath the dunes for several hundred years. The church was 25 ft. long.

THE VICAR OF BRAY'S LYCH-GATE IN DANGER OF BEING SOLD: This is the 500-year-old lych-gate, with the steeple of the church showing in the background, at Bray-on-Thames, Maidenhead, Berkshire, where the vicar, celebrated throughout the world in the famous old song, defied the Kings of England. Less than £20 has been raised by public subscription towards the estimated cost of £500 to restore the gate and if the money is not raised the gate might have to be sold to American interests.

A CONCRETE SHELL NOW PROTECTS THE "LOST CHURCH" OF ST. PIRAN IN CORNWALL: **It stands among the desolate sandhills about two miles from Perranporth. For centuries it lay lost beneath the sand until, more than 100 years ago, the fickle winds revealed it again. Nothing now remains of the original structure but a gabled end and parts of the four walls.** The masonry is extremely crude, sand and clay having been used by the builders instead of lime. Tradition asserts that Piranus, or St. Piran, one of the twelve missionary bishops sent by St. Patrick to teach Christianity to Cornish pagans, was born of noble parents in A.D. 352. He settled in St. Piran-in-the-Sand and died in this out-of-the-way Cornish parish. St. Piran accidentally discovered tin in the district, and was therefore looked upon as the patron saint of tinners. The people to whom he ministered eventually erected a church in memory of him, and in the reign of Edward the Confessor a dean and canons were established there. The first church was either buried during the tremendous sandstorm described by early historians or else gradually became engulfed by sand swept inland by the north-west winds. The little "Lost Church" of St. Piran now remains as a specimen of the very earliest of British stone churches built for Christian worship.

THE RENEWAL OF FLAGS FOR THE GREAT HALL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: **For nearly 150 years flags and regimental colours captured in battle have hung in the Great Hall of the Royal Hospital, in London, home of the Chelsea Pensioners. Age had reduced the flags to desiccated fragments, but now they have been completely renewed by the needlework section of the Queen Elizabeth Training College for the disabled at Leatherhead.** In this picture some of the restored flags are seen in the Great Hall. Nearest the camera is a flag of the French Eagle pattern. It belonged to the 105th Regiment d'Infantrie and was taken at Waterloo. Four of the flags are American, taken in 1812; others are Dutch and Maltese. The restoration work took three months. Details of the insignia and lettering were obtained from foreign embassies and museums.

A SEPTEMBER SURVEY

The Queen at a Sale of Work; A London Conference; the Scilly Isles Steamer Aground; and Other Home News

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET PAY A VISIT TO AN ABERDEENSHIRE SALE OF WORK DURING THEIR DEESIDE HOLIDAY: The visit to Crathie Church Women's Guild Sale of Work was made at the time of the King's visit to London for an examination by a radiologist. Walking with the Queen and her daughter is the Rev. John Lamb of Crathie Church. During her tour of the stalls the Queen bought a ginger cake baked by the wife of Balmoral's head stalker. In the week following the King's visit to London it was announced that his Majesty was to travel south to undergo further treatment for his lung condition. Originally the King and Queen planned to remain at Balmoral until a date in early October.

THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS COMES TO LONDON TO ATTEND HIS BROTHER'S WEDDING: Prince Bernhard accompanies the bride, the former Madame Simone Louise Watzdorf, and the bridegroom, Prince Ernst Aschwin of Lippe-Biesterfeld, from Caxton Hall Register Office, London, after the marriage ceremony there on September 11. The bridegroom, who was awarded the Iron Cross for his bravery as a subaltern in the Prussian Infantry and later expelled from the German Army and imprisoned on the instructions of Hitler, is a curator in a New York museum. The Prince's mother also attended the wedding.

A CHAMPION RACE-HORSE OF THE EUROPEAN TURF TURNS ARTIST'S MODEL: Paolo Vaccarino, who is at present engaged on sculpturing a statue in stone of the Italian-bred stallion Nearco, is seen at work on a preliminary clay model at Beech House Stud, near Newmarket. Nearco (now in the charge of Mr. E. C. Lee) had a brilliant record during his racing career, and since he went to stud has sired, among others, the wartime Derby winner Dante, and the post-war Derby win ner Nimbus.

A LINK BETWEEN TWO LESSONS—LONDON SCHOOL CHILDREN DECORATE THEIR OWN SCHOOL: Pupils of Royston House School at Lewisham, London, S.E., whose ages range from ten to fifteen, are at present engaged in decorating the walls of their Art Room with murals depicting scenes from Shakespeare. The murals, selected by the children themselves, are being used to link their literature and art lessons.

THE OPENING IN LONDON OF THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL AIR TRANSPORT ASSOCIATION: *Above*—Sir Miles Thomas, of B.O.A.C., who spoke of the possibilities of making air travel available to a wider public through the introduction of tourist fares. *On left*—The Prime Minister, Mr. C. R. Attlee, making his speech welcoming the delegates at the opening ceremony. He referred to the great expansion of the industry in recent years. Sir William Hildred, Director-General of the Association, said that the success of various cheap fare plans had finally borne out the contention made immediately after the war, that the airlines' future lay in going all out for the mass market.

BUFFETS INSTEAD OF RESTAURANT CARS ON BRITISH RAILWAYS : The Hotels Executive of British Railways have announced an extension of the buffet catering service, providing refreshment and light meals on trains at any time during the journey. Sampling the fare on one of the new buffet cars are Sir Harry Methven, Chairman of the Hotels Executive (nearest the camera), and other members of the Executive. A start has already been made in introducing the new buffet cars which are an economy measure. Restaurant cars will be withdrawn from seventy-eight trains and a buffet service substituted. There is no suggestion however that dining-cars will be taken off long-distance "business" trains. Last year there was a loss on railway dining-cars of £600,000.

A LINK BETWEEN PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, AND PLYMOUTH U.S.A. : To mark the anniversary of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower* in 1620, an interesting ceremony was held on the spot at Plymouth from whence the fathers sailed. In this picture the Lord Mayor of Plymouth (Alderman R. Baker) is speaking at the presentation of an oil-painting to Arthur Dark (on right centre, next to the painting) for the best essay on the subject "The Consequences of the Possession by the United States and the British Commonwealth of a Common Language," open to all Plymouth schoolchildren. The painting (of the Mayflower stone) will be competed for each year. A similar contest was held in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

THE FIRST WOMAN TO SWIM THE CHANNEL BOTH WAYS : She is thirty-two-year-old Miss Florence Chadwick, of San Diego, California. In this picture she is enjoying a cup of tea at a Dover hotel after returning from France by boat. She had landed near Cap Gris Nez after a 16-hrs. 22-mins. swim across the Channel, taking one of the longest routes ever attempted.

THEY CALL HIM THE BOY WONDER : Now he has plenty of time to wonder and to ponder on the changes and chances of fortune upon the Turf. His name is Lester Piggott, the fifteen-year-old jockey who was injured in a fall at Lingfield recently, and who will probably not ride again this season. He will soon, however, be leaving East Grinstead Hospital. Piggott already has over fifty winners to his credit this year, and he has had two bad accidents, in the first of which, at Lincoln at the start of the season, he broke his collar bone. Piggott is a wonderful judge of pace, and in many a tussle with the redoubtable Gordon Richards he has come off best. Unfortunately he is putting on weight rapidly, and it is feared that his days as a first-class jockey may be cut short.

MR. STOKES IN CORNWALL : Mr. R. R. Stokes, the Lord Privy Seal and Minister of Materials, who is on holiday in Cornwall, seen after his meeting with a deputation of the Cornish Mining Development Association, when mining potentialities in the county were discussed. Cornish tin mining is one of the most ancient industries in this country.

THE SCILLY ISLES MAIL STEAMER GOES AGROUND ON THE ROCKS OFF ST. MARY'S : *Left*—R.M.S. *Scillonian* (435 tons) fast on Wengleton ledges in the narrow channel leading into St. Mary's, after going aground in thick fog during a voyage from Penzance. Her fifty-four passengers—twenty of them day-trippers—were taken off by the launch *Kittern* and the St. Mary's lifeboat. *Kittern* herself then went aground and had to be towed in by the lifeboat. *Right*—Passengers disembarking at St. Mary's Pier. The master, Captain J. Reseigh, and crew of the *Scillonian* remained on board and later sailed the vessel into the harbour. Soon after the beaching the deep-sea tug *Turmoil* sailed from Falmouth to go to the aid of the steamer. The local fire brigade sent motor-pumps when the *Scillonian* began to make water.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY ON THE TROTTING COURSE AT MALMO, SOUTH SWEDEN : When this picture was taken the horse Billesholm had just crashed to the ground, with the driver Mattson lying prostrate beside it. No. 3 sulky, which was travelling behind Billesholm, swept past and also crashed, and is seen at the moment of overturning. A third sulky, No. 11, was also involved, but although the driver was thrown his horse galloped on. Anshelm Mattson, the driver of Billesholm, was taken to hospital unconscious. Everyone else in the accident escaped serious harm.

THRILLS AND SPILLS

ON A SWEDISH TRACK

and in

A SPANISH BULL-RING

AFTERMATH OF THE SULKY CRASH : The drivers of No. 3 and No. 11 rising from their wrecked sulkies following the accident on the trotting track at Malmo. The shafts of the sulky in the foreground have been completely wrecked, and one of the wheels is badly buckled.

THE INDIGNITIES AND ELEGANCIES OF BULL-FIGHTING AS DEMONSTRATED IN TWO RECENT ENCOUNTERS IN THE MADRID RING : *Left*—Salomon Vargas, the bull-fighter, is lying flat on his back and attempting to ward off the maddened bull with the aid of his cloak. Eventually other bull-fighters intervened and saved Vargas from being gored. *Right*—Manuel Navarrao, popularly known as Navarrito, demonstrates the art of bull-fighting when on his knees. If the crowd see a bull-fighter with his heels firmly planted on the ground when facing the bull they usually accord him an ovation, realising that as the bull charges he is committed to the full. Needless to say, when the bull-fighter is on his knees he is taking an even greater risk. To the Spaniard these tests of courage are the real essentials of bull-fighting.

OPERA IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD : A scene from the production of *Dido and Æneas* at the Mermaid Theatre, which has been built in a hall in the garden of Bernard Miles's house in Acacia Road. The hall, which was once the assembly hall of a private school, has been converted into an Elizabethan style theatre. It was built by a film studio for £800.

The MERMAID

The Elizabethan-style theatre in which Kirsten Flagstad Sings Dido

Two years ago Bernard Miles was walking in the garden of his St. John's Wood home with Kirsten Flagstad when she asked him what was the large building behind the house. "That is the hall," he told her, "where one day we are going to have our own theatre, and where one of your most famous predecessors, Therese Tietjens, often sang in the 1870's." It was then that Flagstad announced that, if the theatre was completed, she would sing there for nothing, and the now-famous agreement was drawn up and signed in which she agreed, among more technical details, to sing the part of Dido for twenty performances and to be obedient, tractable, sweet-tempered and helpful in every possible way and not to brag about the Vikings. The management, on their part, would provide her with board and lodging and with two pints of oatmeal stout a day. Flagstad also agreed that the management could look down her throat whenever they needed encouragement. Two years of planning and manual labour followed and the result is the Mermaid Theatre—an Elizabethan-style theatre which is entirely portable, has a tiring-house, traps, a staircase to a fly platform, tackle for aerial productions and a series of curtains suited to various types of play. Ivor Novello lent his support to the scheme, which was to become his last theatrical venture, and had agreed to become the Mermaid's first chairman. This year's first season continues until October 9. In the month, twenty performances of *The Tempest* will be given (with Bernard Miles as Caliban and Clifford Evans as Prospero) as well as *Dido and Æneas* and various recitals. As the theatre is on a private estate, performances can only be given on twenty-eight days of each year. For that reason also, no tickets can be sold. Enthusiasts can obtain seats in return for donations in support of the productions and to help in the future activities.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD AT THE FIRST NIGHT : The famous singer is embraced by her producer, Bernard Miles. On the left is Mr. J. F. Brogan and, on the right, are Mrs. Stickney-Hamilton and Mrs. Bernard Miles.

DIANA WYNYARD, JOHN GIELGUD AND MOIRA SHEARER : Three distinguished stage visitors who attended the first night of *Dido and Æneas*, to hear the great Wagnerian soprano sing the name-part in Purcell's opera.

PHŒBUS'S HORSES : Brenda Vernon and Jane Rosen leave their dressing-room in Bernard Miles's St. John's Wood house to go to the theatre, which has been constructed in the grounds.

REMINISCENT OF GLYNDEBOURNE : Although only ten minutes by car from the West End, 43a, Acacia Road seems very remote from the town. The audience at the first night took advantage of the good weather to walk in the garden.

THE PALACE SCENE : Kirsten Flagstad is in the centre of this group in a scene from *Dido and Æneas*. When, in 1949, the famous soprano first heard of Bernard Miles's notion to turn the hall in his garden into a theatre, she said that, should the plan eventually come into effect, she would sing there for nothing.

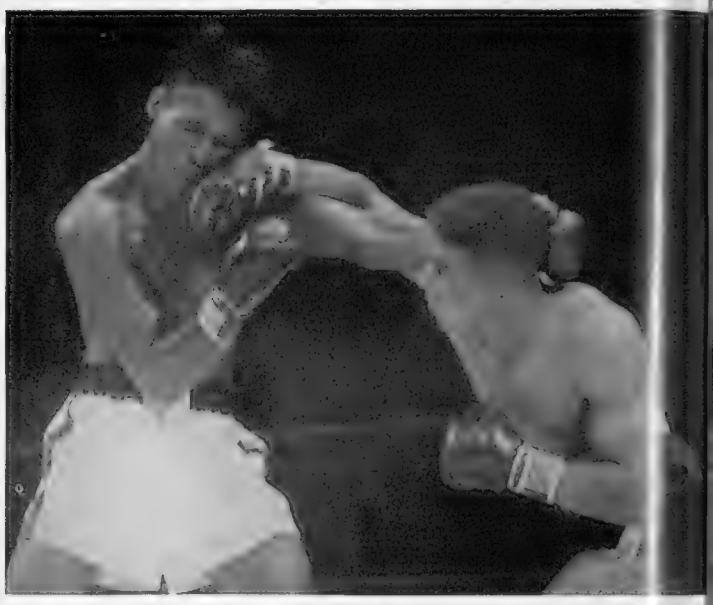
A NIGHT OF DRAMA AT THE NEW YORK POLO GROUNDS

AMERICA'S "SUGAR" RAY ROBINSON DEFEATS RANDOLPH TURPIN OF BRITAIN IN THE BATTLE FOR THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD

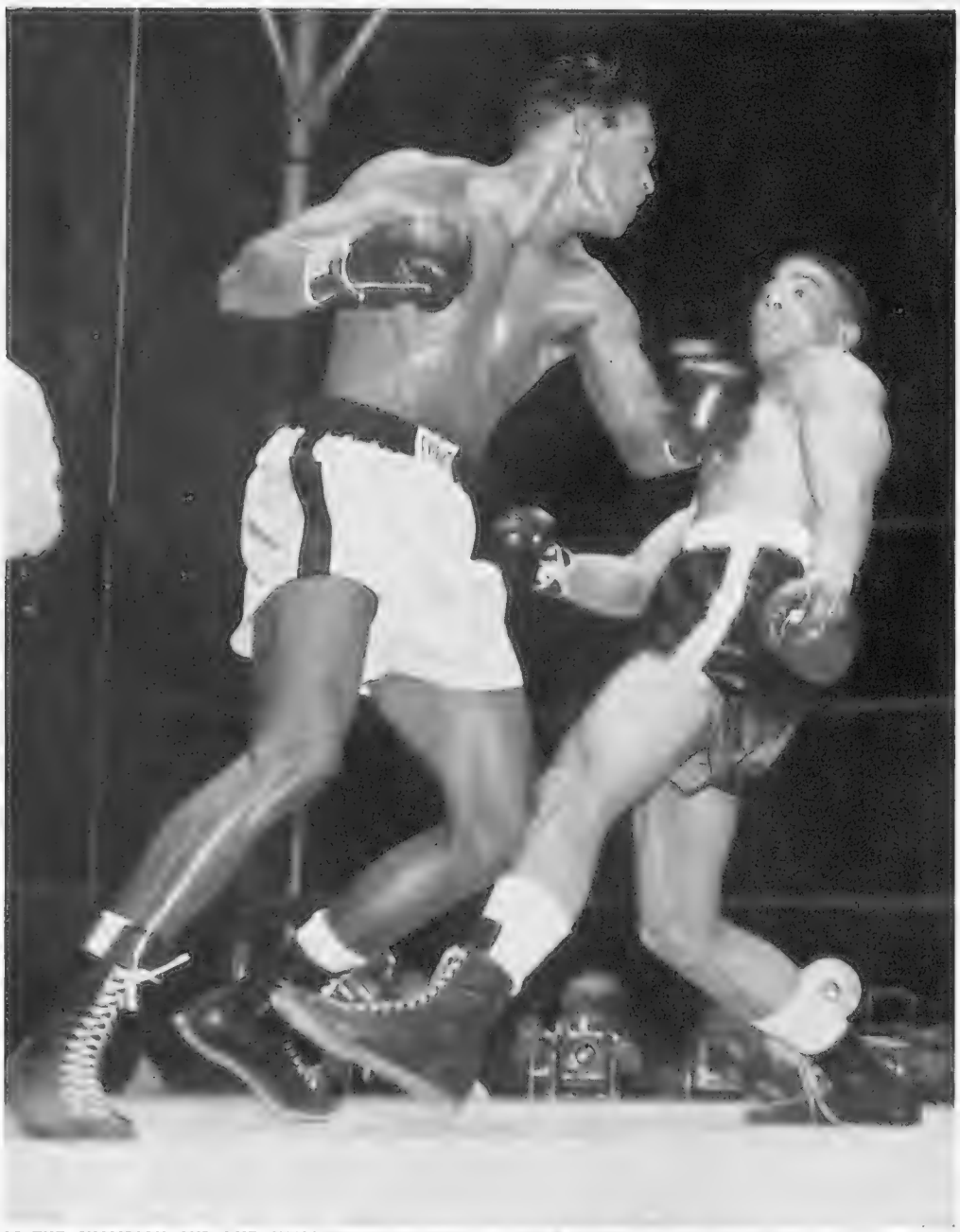
HARLEM WAITS TO ACCLAIM THE NEW CHAMPION: The big crowd gathered outside "Sugar" Ray Robinson's bar and grill at the junction of Seventh Avenue and 123rd Street, New York, after the American had defeated Randolph Turpin, the holder, in the fight for the Middleweight Championship of the World, one of the most dramatic boxing contests of recent times.

Not since the palmy days of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, of Firpo, Sharkey and Battling Siki has money flowed into the box-office as it did last week for the duel between Turpin and Robinson, and never before in boxing history have Middleweights commanded the princely sums which have fallen to these two fighters. In addition, television-cinema rights now run into tens of thousands of dollars, and it was this last factor, indeed, that brought last week's takings to over 1,000,000 dollars. The fight will long live in memory because of its sensational climax, and as one commentator said, "Here was the spectacle of a sliding Robinson achieving ring immortality with a blow in which skill was at least equally blended with desperation."

FIGHT HYSTERIA AT THE NEW YORK POLO GROUNDS: Members of the crowd surging forward across the barriers to take up better positions just before the start of the big fight between Turpin and Robinson. A total of 61,370 people paid 767,630 dollars to see the fight, and the total takings, including a handsome contribution from the film and television rights, were over 1,000,000 dollars.



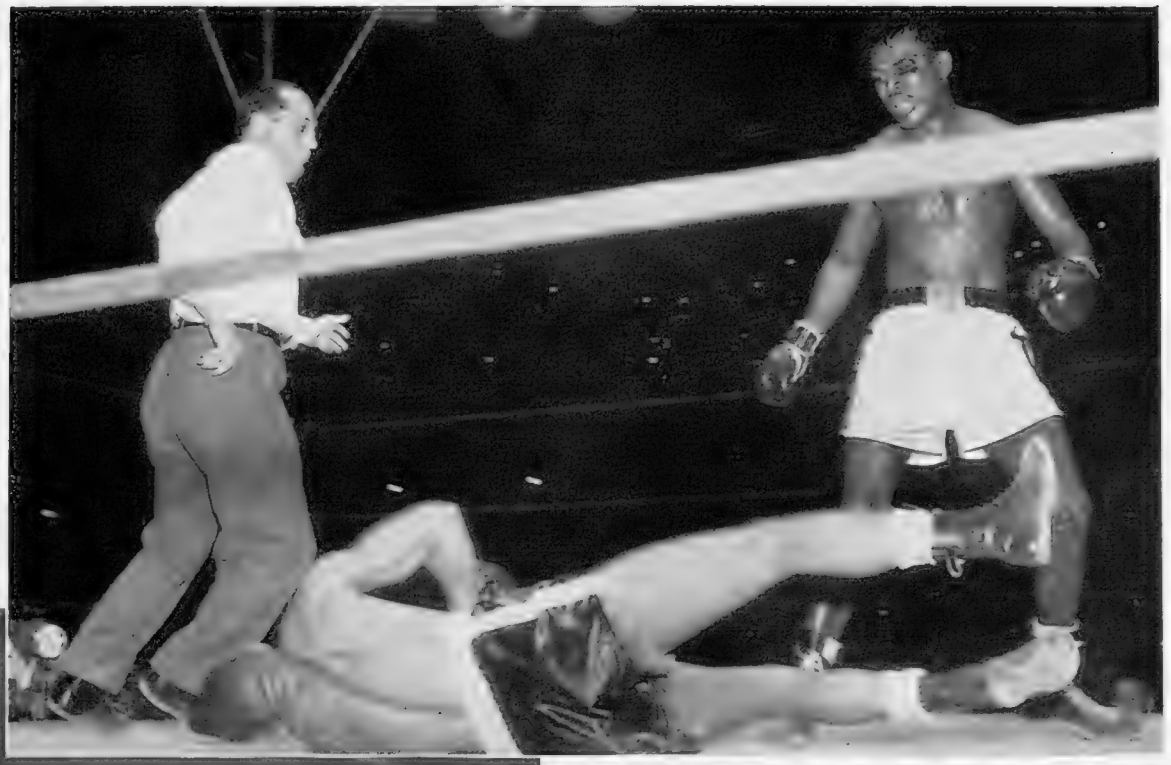
"SUGAR" RAY ROBINSON RECEIVES A HARD RIGHT FROM TURPIN: This was in the third round, when, on the whole, the exchanges were in favour of Robinson. By the tenth round it was apparent to spectators that the fight was beginning to swing in favour of Turpin.



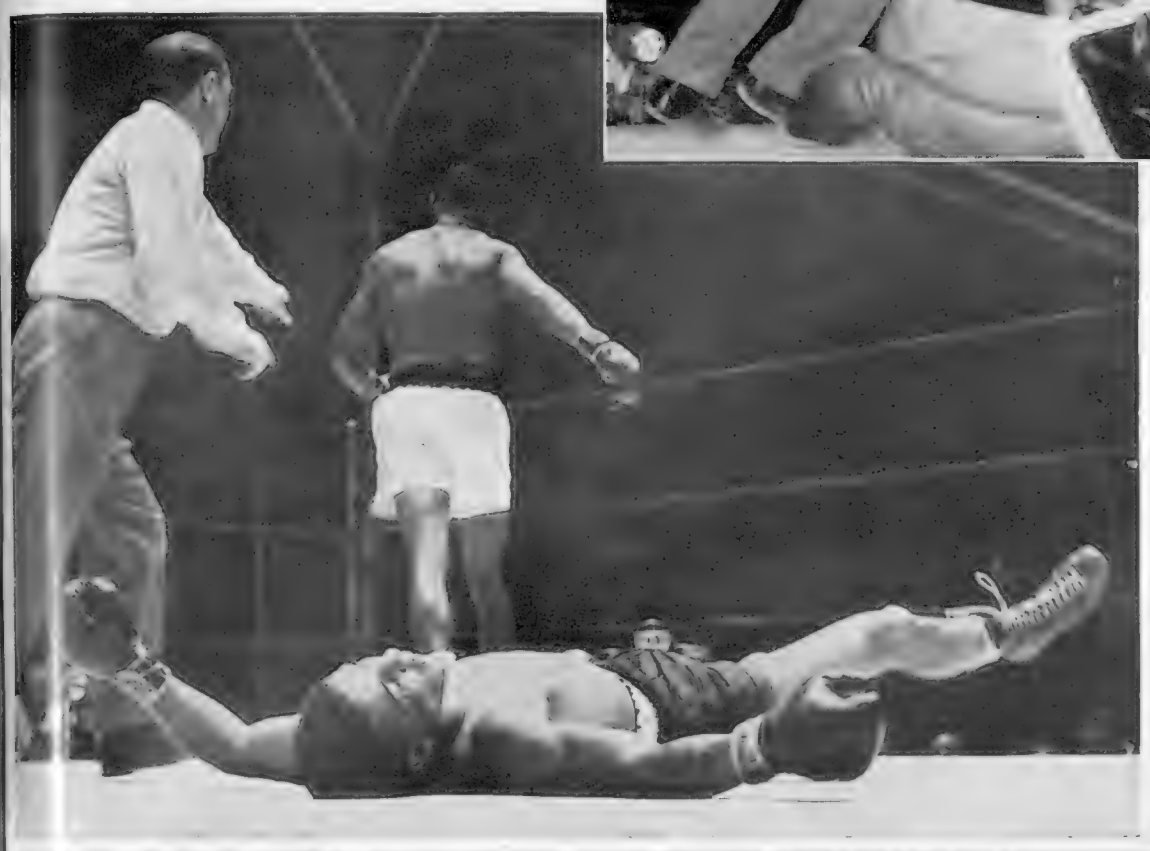
AS THE CHAMPION AND THE CHALLENGER WARMED TO THEIR WORK IN THE THIRD ROUND OF THE BIG FIGHT: "Sugar" Ray Robinson, who was boxing with more certainty than when he lost the Middleweight title earlier in the summer, had just hit Turpin with a vicious left, but the British boxer had in part ridden the punch. The first nine rounds were remarkably even, and it seems that Robinson was slightly ahead on points when his great opportunity came.

GENERAL OF THE ARMY DOUGLAS MACARTHUR WAS ONE OF MANY DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO THE POLO GROUNDS: The former Pro-Consul watched the fight in company with Mr. Eddie Eagan (left), the Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission.

FOR ROBINSON IT WAS NOW OR NEVER : The American seen with blood streaming from his gashed eye in the tenth round when he produced a mighty blow which felled Turpin for a count of nine and paved the way for the Englishman's defeat a minute later.



THE CHAMPION IS FELLED TO THE GROUND BY A BLOW STRUCK IN DESPERATION BUT WITH UNERRING ACCURACY : "Sugar" Ray Robinson standing over Turpin after he had crashed a great right hook on the Englishman's temple. It was one moment's hesitation that cost Turpin the fight. Apparently at the start of this tenth round Robinson's left eye, as a result of a collision with Turpin, began to gush blood. When Turpin saw the blood he permitted himself a split-second pause of exultation, realising that Robinson's fate was sealed. As Turpin stood surveying the figure before him, Robinson, in now or never mood, landed his big blow.

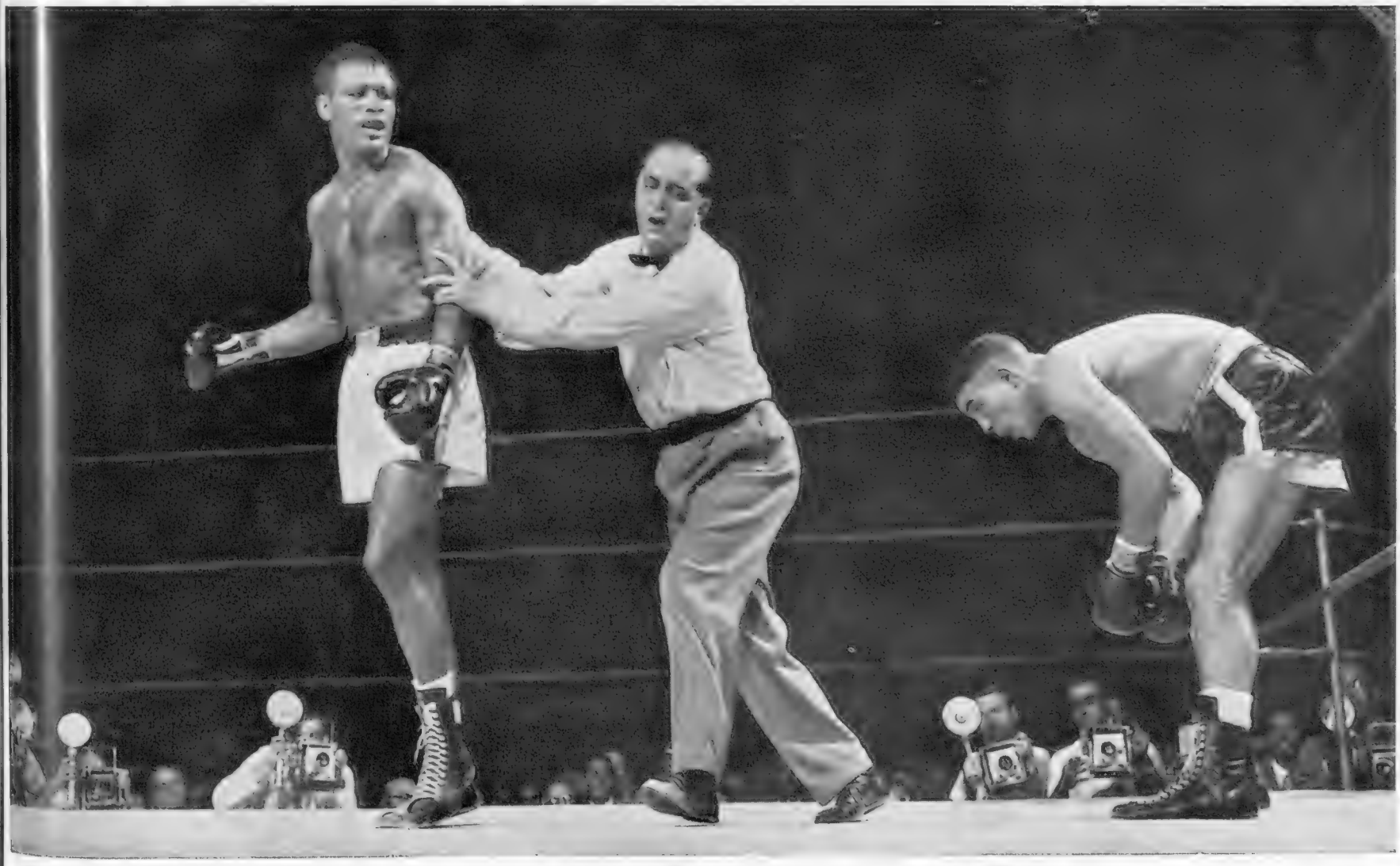


On left—

ROBINSON DUTIFULLY GOES TO HIS CORNER AFTER DELIVERING HIS SMASHING RIGHT HOOK TO TURPIN'S HEAD : Turpin just managed to beat the count, and shaking his head to clear the haze from his eyes, came out for a moment to trade blows with his American opponent.

Below—

THE DRAMATIC END OF THE CONTEST, WHICH WILL BE A SUBJECT OF CONTROVERSY FOR YEARS TO COME : The Referee, Mr. Goldstein, seeing that Turpin was well-nigh defenceless, stepped in and escorted Robinson to his corner, at the same time awarding him the fight on a technical knock-out. This happened only eight seconds before the end of the tenth round, so Turpin could not have been knocked out; but most boxing critics present were of the opinion that the referee had done quite the right thing in stopping the contest.



RESTORING THE CHARRED REMAINS OF ANCIENT BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS AT TURIN'S NATIONAL LIBRARY LABORATORY: New grants of money from the Italian Ministry of Education have made possible the reorganisation of this famous laboratory. The main work there consists of piecing together and restoring, as far as the latest scientific aids will permit, the thousands of valuable old manuscripts which were rescued from the disastrous fire of 1904. *On left*—Some of the more severely damaged books which are awaiting treatment. *On right*—Miss Caudana, who took over this work from Carlo Marre after his death, examining charred manuscript through the microscope.

A HOSPITAL FOR BOOKS

At Turin's National Library Laboratory Valuable Old Books Damaged by Fire are Being Restored

THE MANUSCRIPTS BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT: *Above*—This is typical of the condition of most of the books before work on them begins. *Below*—An example of some of the damaged but beautifully illuminated MSS. mounted afresh in this remarkable laboratory.

THE HOSPITAL FOR BOOKS AT TURIN: Miss Caudana demonstrates to an assistant one of the highly complicated chemical treatments which she gives the charred pages. This laboratory was started in 1905 by Carlo Marre, who was also employed on similar tasks in the Vatican Institute. The work calls for the utmost patience and the most diligent care.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE MAD AND WHIRLING 'TWENTIES

The revival in popularity of F. Scott Fitzgerald's work brings a new novel suggesting a picture of his life.

THERE is a revival at the moment in the popularity of F. Scott Fitzgerald's work, and that, in my opinion, is as it should be, for at least two of his books were, and are, inimitable, and he was not only a microcosm of the mad, whirling '20's of which he wrote, but an author of exquisite style. It is nowhere stated that Mr. Budd Schulberg's new novel, THE DISENCHANTED (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.), is in fact about him, the excitement and splendour of his successful years, the craziness of his exploits or the tragedy of his decline, but it is a very easy guess.

Mr. Schulberg shows us his character, Manley Halliday, in this later phase, when after months of effort he has managed to get a screen-writing assignment in Hollywood, and when his young collaborator on the job has been warned by the studio to keep Halliday away from drink. The story of the few days' work, taken by Halliday as a splendid excuse for a prolonged drinking bout which ends in his collapse, is tragic in itself, but it is interspersed with flashbacks in an appropriate technique, to Halliday's life as a young, fantastically handsome and fantastically successful writer with a beautiful wife who was at least his equal in the wildness of her enjoyment of their golden years. The odd thing about this novel, which is extremely readable, by the way, is that although its final effect should be that of a tract against the perils of giddy living and deep drinking, it is nothing of the sort. There is a deep pity for the two broken lives, but instead of censure there is, perhaps regrettably, a kind of nostalgia for a time when irresponsibility had only personal and not sociological implications.

ISLAND LIGHT (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a novel of considerable originality which alone should commend it. The setting is a lonely strip of sand off the west coast of Florida, and the time shortly after the American Civil War when, in savage reprisal, many people were despoiled of their property and imprisoned. The hero of this story is a young man in these straits who manages to escape from prison and return to his birthplace. Here he finds his old love married and the buried treasure on which he was counting, gone. But it is not in these events or in the subsequent action, lively as it is, that the excitement of the book lies. That is, to the thoughtful reader, entirely in the atmosphere which Mr. Alexander Key has been able to evoke, and which is as haunting and as real as music.

Mr. Patrick Hamilton's novel, THE WEST PIER (Constable. 12s. 6d.), has the disadvantage of being announced as the first of a series dealing with Ernest Ralph Gorse who, as a boy and young man in this book, we see embarking upon a singularly unattractive career of squalid crime. He appears obviously to be heading for the dock at the Old Bailey, so that Mr. Hamilton sets himself the additional task of holding our interest in Gorse's future. In this novel there is nothing in his petty, mean character or actions to stir the reader to much more than a contemptuous dismissal.

Contrast him with that other Brighton bad character, Pinkie, the creation of Mr. Graham Greene, and the incarnation of evil. But perhaps that is unfair, for Mr. Hamilton is obviously more concerned with the small change of squalid meannesses in human conduct than with the eternal verities of good and evil.

Having said that, I must add that this novel is technically brilliant and makes very good reading. If we do not care much about the characters, they are, at least, warmly alive, and the kind of life they lead is convincingly depicted.

It is twelve years since Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein last wrote a novel, long enough for the particular quality of his prose to be a little dim in the memory, but with ROBIN WASTRAW (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) that is revived, and a quietly delightful book appears. This is not a novel to recommend indiscriminately, for it would be perfectly possible to find it overwritten, odd, stuffy and even tedious. It is, I think, none of these things, but drily and effectively humorous, contemplative and sardonic, with a style that seems to owe very little to the 1950's.

MONSOON (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a story of a bitter Englishman (unjustly cashiered from his regiment) and a disillusioned American woman (her fiancé comes home from the war insane) who meet in India just before the start of the monsoon and to their own but nobody else's amazement, fall deeply in love. Their own story has few complications and ends happily, but it is set against the infinitely complicated and involved Indian background which Mr. George H. Johnston knows so well how to describe. On the whole, I enjoyed this, and found the Indian characters, Hindu, Sikh, Pathan and whatever, more than ordinarily interesting

WIDECOMBE'S VILLAGE SIGN: It is considered one of the best village signs in England and has won a prize in a competition. The carving shows Tom Pearce's Grey Mare, of the famous song, loaded with "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh, and all." Widecombe-in-the-Moor is included in the area of the new Dartmoor National Park which Mrs. Sylvia Sayer, Chairman of the Dartmoor Preservation Association, has described as "a new deal" for the moor.

Margaret Bullard's novel, WEDLOCK'S THE DEVIL (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), takes us to Eastern Canada, and to the problems of English people settling in a small city there. The time is the present and there is very little of the pioneer spirit about the enterprise, which concerns an ex-Cambridge anthropologist and his half-estranged wife, their friends and their new acquaintances. By itself, the story is slight, and the book's chief interest lies in the portraits of the local bigwigs, intelligentsia and reprobates that the author has painted with an unmalicious sharpness. The trouble for one reader at least is that the portraits are too good, and that their cumulative effect is to put one off town life in the great dominion for ever and a day. But Margaret Bullard can write, and her occasional asperities are deftly and wittily delivered.

Back to England with MEN AT WORK (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), which, surprisingly enough, is from the pen of the man who wrote that excellent novel about Swift and his Vanessa, *The Violent Friends*. Not that the present book is without its excellences, but both its subject and its manner are in such absolute contrast to the earlier novel. That was romantic, spirited and colourful; this is as sober and straightforward as its title which, incidentally, could scarcely be better chosen. Mr. Winston Clewes has, in fact, written a novel purely on the theme of industrial relations as they are handled at a small modern factory in a London suburb. There is a slight sketch of a love-story, but one has the impression that that is brought in only to stress the feeling between the Personnel Officer and the head of the nearly-model factory, who is the girl's father. There is some sly fun about the various situations, but, in the main, Mr. Clewes has had the more serious purpose of showing us the workings of a section of industrial England. Since he is himself the organisation manager for a big manufacturing company, it may be said that Mr. Clewes knows his stuff, but, unfortunately, this has not been enough to create a really diverting novel.

Suave, faintly warm and subtle as the taste of a good burgundy are the further musings from the pen of Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, who has chosen to describe himself as a modern Methuselah and whose diary-like memoirs, MORE FROM METHUSELAH (Hutchinson. 16s.), are a fresh joy. Mr. Vachell, it seems, is in his ninetieth year and, as his photograph shows, he has not only a twinkling but a sharply observant eye, a fact that is more than borne out by the acuity of his findings and opinions in this book. He also has excellent taste and admirable stamina, as witness the menu of this dinner eaten at the close of his ninth decade:

"The dry white wine . . . was served, slightly iced, with oysters from Cornwall. With a slice from a Michaelmas goose, we sipped a Brane Cantenac of 1929. . . . We crowned the feast with a noble and aged Taylor port: the right company for a Stilton cheese." Oh, excellent Methuselah!

DOCTORS BY THEMSELVES (Cassell. 21s.) is an anthology which will fascinate you, though you will regret, as with all the best anthologies, that favourite passages of your own choosing were not included. It is not a book for doctors, though they will read it, but about and *by* doctors from the earliest times to our own days, and its two principal themes, as shown through its 800 extracts, are first, the doctor's long struggle to free himself from a magical interpretation of his art; and second, the intense interest shown by him for the welfare of his patient. The editor himself, Dr. Edward F. Griffith, contributes a few moving pages on the evacuation from Dunkirk, in which he himself took part between attending at various phases of a difficult childbirth.

As for CLERIHEWS COMPLETE (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.), that is the greatest fun and an inspired present for any friends lucky enough to have a birthday about now. Mr. E. C. Bentley, who wrote that classic detective-story, *Trent's Last Case*, which will continue to serve as a model of perfection in the genre for years to come, was the inventor of this verse form always known by his second name, Clerihew. An original name for an original metre, of which probably the best known is the one dealing with Sir Christopher Wren, though I still incline to:

George the Third
Ought never to have occurred.
One can only wonder
At so grotesque a blunder.

HEIRESS-PRESUMPTIVE

The Tragic Life of Princess Charlotte

The only child of George, Prince of Wales (the Prince Regent and the future George IV) by his luckless, flippant, wayward and unloved wife, his first cousin, Caroline of Brunswick, was the Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales. Soon after the birth of the Princess, who was destined to be heiress-presumptive of England, the ill-assorted parents were formally separated. Apart from having the Brunswick family stutter and a lop-sided stance, Princess Charlotte was healthy enough in childhood, although after she entered her teens we hear of nervous fevers, constant biliousness and pains. She was none the less the hope of the House of Hanover. The dramatic story of her brief and tragic life is told by Dorothy Margaret Stuart in DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND (Macmillan. 21s.). Drawing upon a great mass of material from the Windsor Archives and the Bowood papers, only of recent years made available to historians, the author presents a brilliant picture of the Regency Court, lorded over by the extraordinary "Prinny," who, lax as he was in his own habits, demanded the most austere code of virtue among the female members of his family. Miss Stuart declares in her introduction that once she had decided to attempt this new study of Princess Charlotte she made and kept a vow that she would not see the play or watch the film, or listen to the broadcast of *The First Gentleman*. In keeping this vow she has been able the more easily to relegate to fable the oft-told tale that it was for love of Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the future Leopold I of the Belgians, that the Princess jilted the Hereditary Prince of Orange. The truth, if not so romantic, is probably more diverting. The Prince of Orange, whom the Court called "slender Billy," because he was as thin as a needle, was hardly a prepossessing suitor for the Princess, having expressionless eyes, protruding teeth and excessively fair hair, and it was little wonder that "the Daughter of England" entertained a personal preference for the Duke of Gloucester, the Regent's cousin, sometimes known as "the Cheese," otherwise "Slice." As the wags and pamphleteers never tired of saying, she preferred the Cheese to the Orange. When, however, the politically expedient match with the Dutch Prince was as good as settled, the Princess met and fell in love with Prince Augustus of Prussia, "a passion as foolish as it was hopeless." As for Leopold, the eventual bridegroom, who, had Charlotte lived, would have become Prince Consort of England, he was, by all accounts, a cold fish, but he knew how to deal with Charlotte when she was hasty, violent, imperious or rude, and in time the couple came to be deeply engrossed in each other. The death of the Princess in childbirth was a bitter blow to her husband, her family, and the whole nation. Miss Stuart goes into the details of the confinement at great length, presenting the medical evidence and showing the utter incompetence of some of those around the Princess in her hours of agony. Princess Charlotte's passing brought universal public woe such as had never before been known in England. Even the gambling hells of London were closed on the day of the funeral. At Carlton House the Prince Regent sat in gloomy seclusion, and at Windsor the old Queen and her daughters sat listening to what Princess Augusta described as "the dreary, heavy sound which is sad and melancholy to the Ear and most painful to the Heart"—the sound of the great mourning coaches lumbering over the freshly sanded slope from Henry VIII's Gateway to the South Porch of St. George's.

Julian Symons contributes the latest volume to the English Novelists Series with her monograph on CHARLES DICKENS (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.), the greatest creative writer of the Victorian age in England. Dickens, says Mr. Symons, was in some respects a literary casualty. His genius was thwarted, but his work was praised. As compensation he became in his lifetime a national possession.

What is the first instalment of what is certain to prove a notable contribution to musical history is Eugene Goossens' OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS (Methuen. 18s.), in which this eldest member of the fourth generation of the Goossens family surveys the family's activities over a span of a century. The author obviously relishes his task, evoking memories of Debussy, Melba, Delius and a host of other great music-makers, and he writes well and at times wittily.

Clarkson Rose, another great personality of the entertainment world, has written his autobiography under the title WITH A TWINKLE IN MY EYE (Museum Press. 15s.). Stars of the musical hall, of pantomime and radio, all make personal appearances in these lively pages.

E. Lenox Figgis, in FOCUS ON GAMBLING (Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.), has written a most original book about betting. Combining, by some alchemy, a narrative style with a flair for presenting figures in readable form, he takes us to the dog tracks and the racecourses, into the throne rooms of the insurance kings, the bookmakers and the pool promoters, and with the aid of his professor friend, a sort of financial Dr. Watson, expounds with gusto on the theory and practice of high and low finance.

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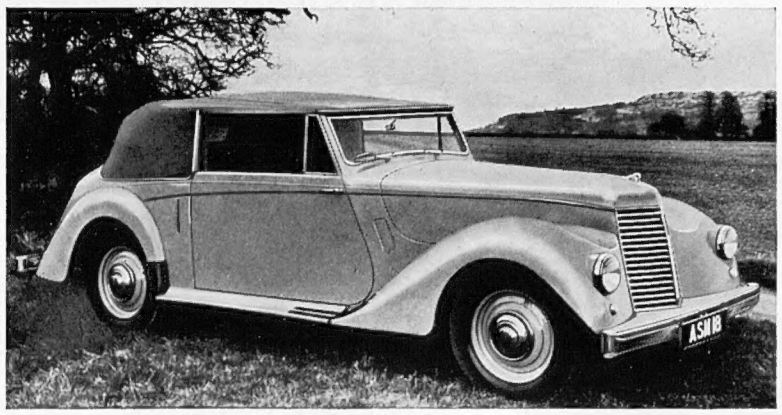

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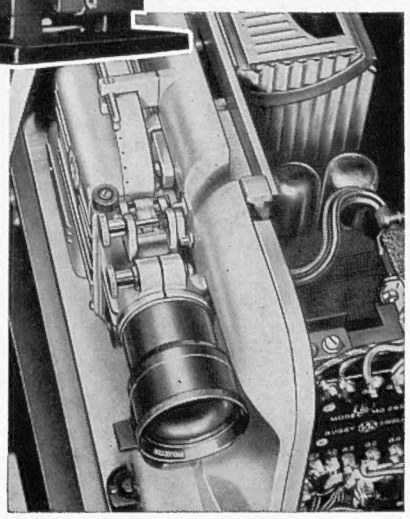

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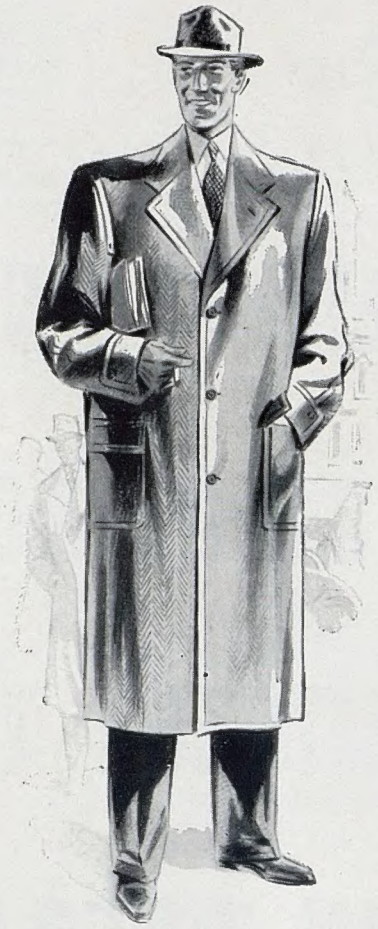

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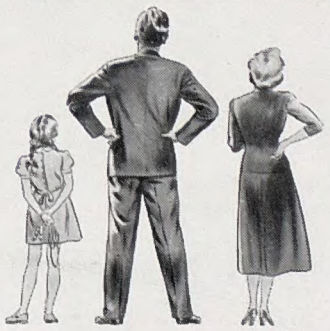

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